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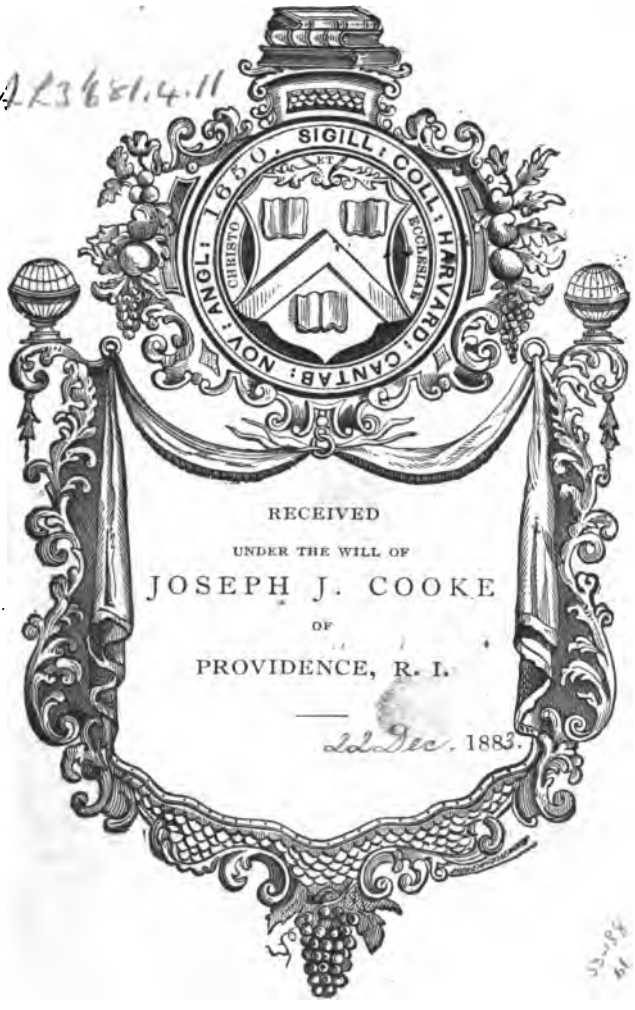

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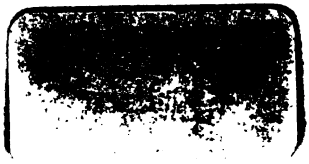

Geo. Moore

Miscellanies.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS ON THE EASTERN STATES."

William Tudor.

BOSTON:

WELLS AND LILLY,—COURT-STREET.

1821.

1883. Dec. 22.
Castle Howard.
4l 3681.4.11

PREFACE.

To give a formal account of a collection of trifles like those contained in this little volume, would be making a very inexpedient addition to their number; but the author may be indulged with a few words, by way of introduction. Having had some connection with the *Monthly Anthology*, and the *North American Review*, which will be works of considerable moment in the annals of American literature, he was desirous of stating a few facts, relating to the origin and conduct of those two journals; and to be furnished with an excuse was the prevailing motive for selecting a few light papers, from among the articles he contributed to their pages. As neither of these journals were at the time in very exten-

sive circulation, the pieces taken will be new to most readers. On perusing them again to make the present selection, it seemed expedient to change or omit some sentences; but on reflection they appeared too slight to bear repairing, and they are therefore reprinted *verbatim* "with all their imperfections on their head." Several of these papers are in the form of *Memoirs*, the satire of which is general and without any individual reference. The idea of assuming this manner was first suggested by the vexation of having waded through a very tedious, pompous and jejune memoir of a Frenchman, who was seeking by its compilation to pay his court to Napoleon. The wide diffusion of science is one of the advantages of our times; yet it tends to produce a great deal of ostentation from writers of very shallow pretensions, and is apt to lead even those who possess solid acquirements, into a misplaced and ridiculous pedantry. Some persons now a days can

hardly speak of a field of Indian Corn, without talking about *Triticum Indicum*; and if they describe the Venus de Medicis, as made of Parian marble, [carbonate of lime] is sure to be added between brackets. —The remaining articles were the occupation of a few idle hours, and if they give any amusement to the "courteous reader," the author will be ready to believe, that they could not have been "better spent."

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THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

THIS work was begun by Mr. Phinehas Adams, a graduate of Harvard, and who at the time taught a school in Boston. The first number, "under the title of the Monthly Anthology and Boston Review, edited by Sylvanus Per—se," was published in November, 1803. At the end of six months he gave it up to the late Rev. Mr. Emerson, who induced two or three gentlemen to join with him, in the care of the work, and laid the foundation of the Anthology Club. The title was altered with these words, "By a society of gentlemen," and the change was marked by the numbers being printed in double columns; but after two or three years the double columns were given up, which however well adapted for the short articles of a magazine, were found inconvenient for Reviews of books, if extended beyond a mere notice.

The club was regularly organized, and governed by certain rules; the number of resident members

varied from seven or eight to fifteen or sixteen; there were a few honorary members in other towns and in other states, who occasionally contributed to its pages. It was one of the rules, that every member should write for the work: the contributions were in some cases voluntary, in others were assigned by vote, which was the general practice in regard to Reviews. But in labour of this kind, it was found more difficult than in any other, to produce regularity. A few of the members I believe never wrote any thing, and the quantity produced by others varied very considerably. They received frequent aid from many correspondents, some of whom wrote more pages than several of the members. No particular responsibility devolved on any one as editor, because nothing was published without the consent of the society. The care of the manuscripts, arranging them for the press, revising proofs, necessarily rested with one individual, who, according to the articles of the club, was called the editor. The gentleman who at one period took this trouble, finding himself obnoxious to a good deal of remark as editor, declined filling the office any longer. To get over this difficulty an amendment of the constitution was adopted; "the duties of the editor should be discharged by a standing committee, that this committee should consist of one, and that Mr. ——, [the actual editor] should be this committee."—A kind of amendment not wholly unlike some that have been made in the constitutions of larger communities.

The following gentlemen were members of the club, some of them for a short time only, the rest

during the greater part of its existence.—An asterisk is prefixed to the names of those who are deceased. Rev. Drs. Gardiner, Kirkland, *M'Kean, Rev. Messrs. *Emerson, *Buckminster, *S. C. Thacher and Tuckerman, Doctors Jackson, Warren, Gorham and Bigelow, Messrs. W. S. Shaw, P. Thacher, W. Tudor, *A. M. Walter, E. J. Dana, Wm. Wells, R. H. Gardiner, B. Welles, J. Savage, *J. Feild, Professor Willard, *Winthrop Sargent, J. Stickney, Alexander H. Everett, J. Head, Jr. George Ticknor.

The club met once a week in the evening, and after deciding on the manuscripts that were offered, partook of a plain supper, and enjoyed the full pleasure of literary chat. Some of these evenings were truly the *noctes atticæ*, the recollection of which is, alas, saddened by regret that so many of those who contributed essentially to their delight, have been prematurely taken away from their friends and their country. The meetings were often prolonged into the middle watch, and the member who went too soon was a subject of pity. It is observed in the records of one evening, "Mr. ——, as usual went away early, on which Mr. —— remarked that he 'was like Mercutio, always killed in the second act.'" The concluding minutes of another evening are;—"The Society broke up (*credite posteri!*) before eleven o'clock." The pleasures of conversation were the prevailing motive for attending the weekly meetings, business was soon transacted, and a task unfulfilled had no severer punishment to dread than a little scolding from the committee for publication. The pages of the Anthology were very unequal, but

there were many of superior merit, and a selection might be extracted from it, that would form a volume of miscellanies well worthy of separate preservation.

The work undoubtedly rendered service to our literature, and aided the diffusion of good taste in the community. It was one of the first efforts of regular criticism on American books, and it suffered few productions of the day to escape its notice. Some repining and dissatisfaction arose amongst some of the authors who were the subjects of remark, but the public at large generally assented to the principles and decisions of the critics. Circumstances of various kinds growing out of the publication produced a correspondence with several individuals; all of which, together with the regular records of the club have been preserved, and will at a future day, be deposited among the papers of the Historical Society. If in the next century some collector of literary anecdotes should examine these documents, he will find materials connected with the early state of American literature which may then be interesting.

Whatever may have been the merit of the Anthology, its authors would have been sadly disappointed if they had looked for any other advantages to be derived from it than an occasional smile from the public, the amusement of their task, and the pleasure of their social meetings. The publication never gave enough to pay the moderate expense of their suppers, and through their whole career they wrote, and paid for the pleasure of writing. Occasionally a promise was held out, that the proceeds

of the work would soon enable them to proceed without assessments, but the observance never came. The printers were changed several times, and whenever they paid any thing, it was an omen of ill luck to them. No one felt a particular interest from any expectation of either fame or profit to extend the circulation of the work, and therefore it cannot be compared in this respect with other undertakings, where these impulses may be felt. Yet it serves to furnish an instance in addition to so many others, to warn those persons who engage in literary labour with any view to direct profit, that they will be certainly disappointed, and if the pleasure of the employment, and the satisfaction of doing the state some good will not suffice, they had better never engage in the pursuit, for they will be ready to say at last, that to write, in the words of Spencer on a different subject, is

> To lose good days that might be better spent,
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent.

The most important and lasting benefit of the Anthology, will be that noble institution the Boston Athenæum, which originated in this society. It was first intended to form a Reading Room and Library, to be called the Anthology Reading Room. This plan was proposed by Mr. Shaw, who afterwards followed up the subject very zealously, and has since devoted so much of his time and attention to the growth and support of the Athenæum, which now contains one of the most valuable and extensive libraries in the country. When it was talked about in the club, several of the

members volunteered at once, a gift of books, and a considerable number of volumes were thus immediately obtained. It is but justice to mention, that in the beginning of this business the Rev. Dr. Gardiner contributed much to its success, both by his decided opinion in its favour, and by his liberal present of books. When the plan was afterwards extended, and many public spirited individuals joined in a subscription, that made the establishment at once solid and respectable, the members of the Anthology, in consequence of the books they contributed and various periodical works which were received in exchange for their journal, were admitted to a life-right in the institution; several of the members became besides proprietors by subscription. Some merit is due to them, for their agency in bringing forward this measure, and as this excellent institution flourishes, it will serve to perpetuate the memory of the Anthology Club.

P. S. The following list contains the titles of all the magazines that have been published in Massachusetts. They are placed in the order of their dates, the first part containing those which have been discontinued.

American Magazine & Historical Chronicle,	3 vols. 1740 to 1743.
Royal American Magazine,	1 vol. 1774.
Boston Magazine,	1 vol. 1784.
Massachusetts Magazine,	8 vols. 1789 to 1796.
Columbian Phenix and Boston Review,	1 vol. 1800.
New-England Quarterly Magazine,	1 vol. 1802.
Monthly Anthology,	10 vols. 1803 to 1811.
Literary Miscellany,	2 vols. 1805 & 1806.

Emerald or Miscellany of Literature,	2 vols.	1806 to 1808
Ordeal, - - - - - - -	1 vol.	1800.
Something, by Nemo Nobody, - -	1 vol.	1809.
Omnium Gatherum, - - - -	1 vol.	1810.
Cabinet & Repository of Polite Literature,	1 vol.	1811.
General Repository and Review, -	4 vols.	1812 to 1813.
Panoplist, (Calvinistic) monthly, - -	28 vols.	1806 to 1820.

The following are still published :—

New England Medical Journal, quarterly,	1812.
North American Review, do.	1815.
Athenæum, (selections from Foreign Magazines) twice a month,	1816.
Massachusetts Agricultural Repository and Journal,	1816.

The Christian Disciple, (Unitarian) every two months,
The Gospel Advocate (Episcopalian) monthly.
American Baptist Magazine, monthly.
The Missionary Herald, monthly.

This last is a continuation of the Panoplist, but containing only the details that relate to Missions, which have now become so numerous and important than their concerns furnish matter enough to fill a monthly magazine.

In addition to these periodical works, there are publications by three learned societies:

1. The "American Academy" has printed four volumes 4to, and completes a volume in two parts in about four or five years.

2. The "Historical Society" has now in press its nineteenth volume, the form is octavo.

3. The "Antiquarian Society" has published its first volume in octavo.

OBSERVATIONS ON

MADAME DE STAEL'S CORINNA.

From the Anthology, September, 1808.

The name of Madame de Stael has long been familiar in French Literature. Two ladies of this name rank high among their female writers. The present Madame de Stael Holstein has published several works, the last of which, Corinna, will do more for her glory than all the others. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give some account of the author, before reflecting upon her work.

She is the daughter of the late M. Necker, who played so conspicuous a part at the commencement of the French Revolution; and the widow of the late Baron de Stael Holstein, who was ambassador from the King of Sweden during the time of the Directory. Her children are brought up in Switzerland, the country of her family; and it is one of the reproaches of her enemies, that she has always kept them at a distance from herself. She is not hand-

some in the face, but her person is fine, above the middle size. A judgment of her character, formed from her works, would be as erroneous, in some respects, as that of the lady, who described Thomson from reading the Seasons. She is always writing about melancholy, and admiring the gloomy, profound impressions, that abound in the poetry and character of the English and northern nations; yet Madame de Staël is miserable out of Paris; and would be as wretched as Milo was at Marseilles, as Seneca in Corsica, or Ovid on the Bosphorus. Her great delight is to be amid a circle of wits in a saloon at Paris. She is gay, laughing, and fond of animated conversation and lively repartee, in which she always takes a principal part, and generally engages all the men in her conversation, paying very little attention to her own sex, and is therefore not a great favourite with them.

From her rank, her connexions, her talents, her independent fortune, and active character, she has always been a remarkable personage in society, and frequently meddled in political intrigues. She used to be very intimate with Talleyrand, and often teazed this famous statesman and wit. She inquired of him one day, which he would save, if he should see her and Madame Grand, now his wife, fallen into the water; he answered, "My dear madame, *you* know how to swim."

At the period of Bonaparte's usurpation she had sufficient influence to be very troublesome to him in the commencement of his reign, and when he was obliged to be gradual in his usurpation of power.

In the organization of the new temporary government she out manœuvred the future emperor, and placed Benjamin Constant in one of the assemblies, in spite of his efforts to the contrary. When he had acquired stability, he did not forget Madame de Stael, but sent Talleyrand to tell her she must leave Paris, and go to Switzerland. It was rather an awkward commission, but he executed it with address. He called on her, and after a few compliments told her, —"I hear, madame, you are going to take a journey."—"O no, it is a mistake, I have not the least intention of doing it."—"Pardon me, I heard you were going to Switzerland."—"I have no such project I assure you."—"I have been told so, by the best authority, and that you would leave Paris in three days." The hint was taken. After some period had elapsed, she returned to Paris, and, about the epoch of General Moreau's banishment, she was exiled again, and ordered not to come within ten leagues of Paris, because at her house a numerous circle of men of talents and influence assembled, who were disaffected to the government. This she evaded two or three times, which was discovered by the police, and she was then banished to Switzerland. She made a tour in that country the summer of last year in company with her friend, the beautiful Madame Recamier, and the last winter they passed at Vienna.

The regions of science and literature have been so generally explored, that many of those, who have not been able to discover any new *matter*, have been contented with the humbler occupation of varying

the *manner* of what has been already described. Several of the sciences have been divested of their harsh and technical appearance, and taught by tricks and experiments, by rhymes and riddles, as our quacks administer their medicines in the guise of sugar-plums. History and Romance, which have often been two names for the same thing, are becoming so blended, that, possibly, the notions of posterity about the two or three last centuries will be very similar to those we have of the expedition of the Argonauts. Fifty years ago we were diverted with "Romantick Histories," and now we are treated with "Historical Romances." If our descendants should become so enervated and effeminate by this exuberance of the press, as to prefer amusement to fact, many of our sprightly romances will be read, when many of our dull histories will be forgotten.

Corinna is a novel, engrafted on a journey and description of Italy, and the licentious fashion of blending fancy and reality is more innocent and justifiable in this kind of work than in any other. Of the advantages, which it possesses, Madame de Stael has availed herself in the ablest manner. The description of the interesting and magnificent objects of Rome, the disquisitions on Italian society, and the progress of the novel, are most ingeniously mingled, and by being alternately brought forward, prevent the most fastidious reader from tiring. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances are celebrated for their beautiful descriptions, which loose a great part of their interest not only from being too often repeated, but because they are only pleasing pictures of the writers imagi-

nation, composed perhaps from *studies* of landscape, but vague and transitory as the shadows of summer clouds. Here Madame de Stael possesses a striking advantage; for, not confined like a writer of travels, to mere journalizing and description, a selection suffices for her purpose, and the canvas of her work is filled, not with

The Alps, the Appenines, and River Po,

but with the most interesting objects of ancient and modern Italy.

The persons of the novel are few in number, but these few are sketched with that delicate and minute observation of character, which belongs to her sex; while the contrasts arising from different tempers and education, and the effects of the passions, are developed with all the force and skill produced by a profound knowledge of the human heart. Count d'Erfeuil is a gay, well bred, distinguished Frenchman, pourtrayed with the most aggravating accuracy: perhaps the fidelity and spirit of this portrait is better sustained than any other in the book. Mr. Edgermond, the relation of Lord Nelvill, who makes his appearance at Rome, is delineated so generally, that he represents a species, yet so simply and naturally, that he affects us like a miniature among a collection of historical pictures. Oswald possesses too many noble qualities to suffer us to despise him; but when a being, like Corinna, is sacrificed to morbid sensibility and imaginary duties, we pity the victim too much to respect the sacrificer. Corinna is the fair monster of the work: she is a character out of

nature; so at least she will be generally, and so she had better be considered: yet she has enough of humanity in her composition, a sufficient portion of the faculty of inspiring and suffering emotion, to excite, even in the generality of readers, an interest beyond that of a mere heroine of romance.

The incidents are many of them striking and novel; and in the present state of literature, this is one of the rarest kinds of merit. Oswald saving the mad men from the hospital in flames at Ancona, the moonlight scene at the fountain of Trevi, and Corinna on the road from Naples to Portici, will support Madame de Stael's claim to this praise. The style is eloquent; and the thoughts are many of them singularly just, beautiful and original.

The intimate knowledge which is discovered of the character of different nations, is a remarkable feature of this work; and it is hard to say which is delineated most accurately, the French, the Italian, or the English. The Count d'Erfeuil tells Oswald, —"je n'aime en fait de nation, que les Anglais et les Francais; il faut etre fiers comme eux, ou brillans comme nous, tout le reste n'est que de l'imitation." It is easy to see, which has the superiority in the eyes of the author. Neither Dr. Moore, nor M. Dupaty has shewn more acquaintance with the Italian character; the dialogue allows her the means of attacking it with the ebullitions of French vanity, and the moroseness of English pride; which is answered by Corinna only with patient submission and mild regret. It appears to have been one of the principal objects of the writer, to shew, that the

Italians have been "more sinned against than sinning;" to convert the contempt of the world into pity, and to excite a belief, that men, whose ancestors once governed the universe, who have furnished learning and the arts with some of their brightest ornaments, are capable of being elevated from their present degraded situation, and assuming a conspicuous rank in the world.

The work is not without its faults; and those, who are fonder of the chaff than the grain, may select them. But there is one obliquity of sentiment, which becomes the more remarkable, as it exercises a fatal influence over the conduct of her hero. Madame de Stael was extremely fond of her father, and has attempted in a book she published, containing his posthumous works, to sublimate this affection into a mysterious, metaphysical passion, which exposed her to severe reprehension from the French critics. If she had persuaded the world in this respect, she could only acquire credence for singularity; yet, by a kind of perversity, she has made this indefensible principle a governing motive in her new work. Peculiar circumstances may modify the affections unnaturally in a few individuals: will Madame de Stael make an unfortunate exception, a general rule? Is affection to a mother so subordinate, that *la perte d'un pere*, is, la plus intime de toutes les douleurs? Is affection for a husband, or for our offspring, weaker than this? Ardent and *melancholy* minds are apt to run into exaggeration, but this, if it were realized, would recal the fable of Saturn devouring his children.

To expiate this censure of Madame de Stael, it will be a grateful task to attempt her defence, where she has been blamed unjustly. It has been said,* that her inimitable description of the circle in Northumberland has a tendency to discourage the gentle virtues of private, and to ridicule the simplicity of domestic life, while the brilliant Corinna will dazzle and allure. Alas! poor Corinna! did ever moral of any history stare the reader more fully in the face? Is it not as apparent, as those heaped up at the end of fables, labelled and dried for the use of school-boys? Does not the luckless heroine lament, that she is deprived of the charms of domestic life, which she was formed to enjoy; and does she not fall a victim to one of these admirers of still life? The author gives a representation, which is neither harsh nor extravagant, of the imbecile taciturnity, the morose, awkward pride, and the petrifying power of this Northumberland, tea-drinking society, which occasions an outcry among the *parties concerned.* What will these moralists say to the following lines of Cowper, which ought to be engraven on the teapot of every similar coterie!

> True modesty is a discerning grace,
> And only blushes in the proper place;
> But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
> Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd to appear:
> Humility the parent of the first,
> The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
> The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
> Like figures drawn upon a dial plate;
> Yes ma'am, and no ma'am, utter'd softly, show
> Every five minutes, how the minutes go.

* See Edinburgh Review.

The *improvisations* of Corinna will be less admired than any other part of the work. That, which she makes at the capital, is eloquent, and would be beautiful in Italian verse, but is too florid for prose. The last, which is recited at Florence, must be excepted; it is affecting and sublime. He, who can read it without emotion, would do well never to leave the bounds of demonstration to wander among the fields of literature. If any young man reads it, and every pulse does not vibrate and every nerve thrill, let him not hesitate in the choice of a profession: let him not be a clergyman, he would have to preach the sublime doctrines of christianity, to sustain weakness, and console affliction: let him not study the law, he might be called upon to oppose powerful injustice, or to defend the devoted victim against popular clamour and factious persecution: let him not be a physician, he may be expected to soothe the agony of wounded affection, to sympathize with the wretched, when his art has been ineffectual: no, let him hoard dollars and accumulate interest; his progress will be certain—nay, (the advice is perfectly disinterested) he will do well to bring up his children in the same manner.

This article has become too extended to admit of extracting passages from the work, to illustrate the opinions here advanced. One only must be indulged, for the sake of contrasting Madame de Stael with Kotzebue. The latter published in 1806, Travels in Italy, in four volumes, which are principally remarkable for their stale and virulent abuse of religion. The flattest jests and most scurrilous

remarks abound in every chapter; and what would be ridiculous, if it was not odious, is that he seems to have just awakened, and made a Quixotic expedition to retail forgotten, exploded abuse, which in the sixteenth century might have possessed the merit of boldness, but now is only insipid and cowardly. The Pope and the Catholics are shewn no mercy. When the Lion was confined to his den through age and infirmity, the Ass came and kicked him. The following sentence contains the reflections of Kotzebue on the illuminated cross, which is suspended from the dome of St. Peter's on Good Friday Evening. "Le Vendredi Saint on sus-" pend dans la Coupole une croix enorme, illuminée " par trois cents lampes, ce qui doit faire une fort " jolie decoration." Compare this with the description and reflections of Madame de Stael on the same subject. The whole chapter, which is the fourth in the tenth book, is very interesting; but a single paragraph only will be taken, the first sentence of which is occupied by the same object with the one quoted from Kotzebue.

Corinne suivit la procession qui se rendait dans le temple de Saint Pierre, qui n'est alors éclairé que par une croix illuminée; ce signe de douleur seul resplendissant dans l'auguste obscurité de cet immense edifice, est la plus belle image du Christianisme au milieu des tenebres de la vie. Une lumiere pale et lointaine se projette sur les statues qui decorent les tombeaux. Les vivans qu'on apercoit en foule sous ces voutes semblent des pygmées en comparaison des images des morts. Il y a autour de la croix un espace eclairé par elle, ou se prosternent le Pape vêtu de blanc, et tous les Cardinaux rangés derriere lui. Ils restent la près

d'une demi heure dans le plus profond silence, et il est impossible de n'etre pas ému par ce spectacle. On ne sait pas ce qu'ils demandent, on n'entend pas leurs secrets gemissemens ; mais ils sont vieux, ils nous devancent dans la route de la tombe : quand nous passerons à notre tour dans ce terrible avantgarde, Dieu nous fera-t'il la grace d'ennoblir assez la vieillesse, pour que le declin de la vie soit les premiers jours de l'immortalité !

Let the reader of the most ardent conception reflect a while upon this picture: the mystery, which is the most affecting and tremendous, the most awful and sublime, the consummation indeed of all the others of the christian faith,—the populace and nobility of Rome, the whole hierarchy of the church with their spiritual Father at their head, are kneeling in silent and passionate devotion ;—the only light, which trembles on the outlines of this immense and august congregation, on the statues of saints, and the tombs of departed sovereigns, emanates from the illuminated type of the sacrifice they are celebrating: let him consider the lively and intimate belief of this assembly,—that the time is night,—the place, the vast Basilick of St. Peters: he may loose the reins of his imagination, it will never outstrip the effect such a scene would produce.

MEMOIR ON

CRANBERRY SAUCE.

From the Anthology, October, 1808.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is well known, that the French government sent many missionaries, in the early part of the revolution, to different countries for different purposes: some of these were diplomatic and consular agents, openly accredited and acknowledged; others were *scavans*, who travelled as private individuals, but who furnished memoirs and information on persons and things, which have aided that government in their intercourse with foreign nations. Many visited the United States, and some of their writings have been published; those of Talleyrand, Volney, &c. are familiar to the public. The singular felicity, which the French writers possess, of furnishing a memoir on every subject, has often been remarked and envied, and is exemplified in the one, I now offer for your miscellany. It has never been publish-

in the United States. Some persons may remark an anachronism, for which I do not pretend to account; in speaking of the lobster, the author cites the regulation of the Board of Health, to prevent their being eaten in the summer months, which, it is believed, is posterior to the period, at which the writer visited this country, but which may possibly have been inserted from subsequent information. I hope indulgence will be granted for any French idioms, that may appear in the translation, as it is a kind of labour, of which I am not very fond, and to which I am very little accustomed.

Yours, &c.

Memoir on the consumption of Cranberry Sauce, by the Americans, addressed to the Citizen ——, member of the National Institute, by the Citizen ——, residing at Boston.

Nothing excites the sensibility of a Frenchman more strongly, on his first landing in the United States, than the raw and simple state of their culinary preparations. If the supposition, which has been made by some philosophers, be not too fanciful, that the progress of a nation in civilization and refinement may be ascertained by the degree of skill they have attained in cooking, this infant nation are still in the most barbarous situation. A general consideration

of this subject cannot enter into the present memoir; but some notion may be formed of their rude state, when it is known, that soups, so common in France, are but little used, and that they substitute for them, a composition, called *a pudding*, made of flour, suet, dried grapes, eggs, milk, spices, and other heterogeneous materials, which, when served upon the table, is a real phenomenon, for it is commonly asserted, that its specific gravity is greater than that of lead. Our rich nutritious *sauces* are almost unknown; and, as a proof of the early corruption and degeneracy of this nation, many of the country people have bestowed this name* upon vegetables, which they eat in the most unprepared state, boiled and soaked in hot water. But the most universal dish, which obtains equally at the tables of the rich and poor, is the substance which forms the subject of this memoir.

Cranberry Sauce, vulgarly called cramberry sauce, from the voracious manner in which they eat it,† is made from a berry, produced by a plant, called by us, *Airelle des marais;* the *Vaccinium Hispidulum* of Linnæus, a plant of the 8th order, first class, *Octandria Monogynia:* it grows in meadows filled with moss, on a slender, bending stalk, covered with silky scales, whose leaves are oval, rather oblong, and

* The reproach here extended to the nation, is too general; the corruption alluded to is confined to some parts of New England.—*Trans.*

† This is a ludicrous mistake, but excusable in a foreigner not intimately acquainted with the language.—*Trans.*

shining: the berries are large, red, and of a pleasant acid taste. The fruit is ripened by the early frosts in the autumn, but is gathered through the winter, and in the spring after the ice dissolves, and even then is the most esteemed.

Preparing them for the table is very easily done; the berries are stewed slowly with nearly their weight of sugar for about an hour, and served on the table cold: the sugar made use of differs in quality according to the wealth of those by whom the sauce is used. It is eaten with almost every species of roasted meat, particularly the white meats, turkies, partridges, &c. some even eat it with boiled fish, and I knew one person, otherwise a very worthy man, who eat it with lobsters, for supper! The mention of this shell fish, which is taken in great abundance on the neighbouring coasts, induces me, though rather foreign to the subject of this paper, to relate a striking instance of the narrow, selfish policy of the institutions of this people. During the three summer months, the Board of Health prohibit the sale of lobsters in this city; but it is freely permitted in Roxbury, the southern suburb of Boston, inhabited principally by gardeners, butchers, and curriers; and the inhabitants of this quarter are abandoned to the ill consequences arising from this practice.*

* This furnishes an instance of the rashness with which foreigners, particularly those from despotic countries judge of our institutions. Every person could have told the author, that the Board of Health is confined to the limits of Boston, which do not include Roxbury.—*Trans.*

One individual informed me, that the rosy complexion of their women had been attributed to their consumption of this article. Though this opinion seemed extravagant, I resolved to try the truth of it, because every argument in its favour should be destroyed if possible. I therefore prevailed upon a servant girl, about fourteen years of age, to eat nothing else; partly by coaxing and partly by menaces, I confined her to this food for a week; at the end of which she grew pale and exhibited feverish symptoms, which is sufficient to prove the absurdity of the supposition. I could pursue the experiment no further, as she threatened to run away, and the most senseless clamour would have ensued, if any ill consequences should have happened to her. For so cold and backward are this people, that they would not sacrifice the life of one individual, to ascertain the most brilliant philosophical truth; and that spirit, which has animated Frenchmen, defying every obstacle, and despising every danger, to the sacrifice of thousands of the human race, to propagate the advantages of splendid discoveries, where antiquated abuses formerly reigned, is almost entirely unknown among them.

The important object of impelling their sensibilities to sympathize with ours, which must be preparatory to that powerful influence, which it is so strong an object with the government to attain, will be greatly aided by an intimate approximation of the common habits and customs of life. None have a greater influence than the pleasures of the table, to which this gross people are remarkably addicted.

But Frenchmen cannot partake of these pleasures, and thus preserve a desirable intimacy, without a radical change in their art of cooking: even French enthusiasm becomes chilled in the daily encounter of huge pieces of half boiled meat, clammy puddings, and ill-concocted hashes, rendered palatable to the natives by a profuse addition of this most villainous sauce. From the most accurate observations, I am convinced, that French cookery, to which they generally have a dislike, will never be effectually introduced among them, till the preparation, treated of in this memoir, shall be no longer used; because, from its universal use, possessing a mixture of sweetness and acidity, it stimulates their appetite, and prevents them from perceiving the insipidity and staleness of their dishes, and makes them insensible to the advantages of our various rich sauces. Perhaps it would do no harm to leave them the use of this fruit in their pastry, though in this case, a recurrence to ancient habits would always be a subject of apprehension. The *ommelettes aux confitures* and the *jambons sucrès* might also be introduced advantageously, which, by flattering the national taste for sweet things, would help to soften their prejudices.

The difficulty attendant on the achievement of this reformation cannot be concealed, the custom is universal. Dining once with one of the cabinet ministers, at the seat of government, there were four soup plates of this article, at the four corners of the table, which is a strong proof that this practice is carried on by persons even in the most exalted stations, though he was from that portion of the United States,

where the habit is most inveterate. It must first be discountenanced in the most fashionable circles, as it is a trait in the character of this nation, servilely to follow fashion, and though some repugnance would be shown at first, in what affected them so intimately, perseverance would ensure success.

It might be suggested further to their political economists, that, by disuse of this fruit, a large quantity of meadows, now useless, might be reclaimed and added to their national resources: that a very considerable addition of wholesome food would be thus procured for their horses and cattle, that is now lost by suffering the growth of this pernicious berry, which, in its preparation, requires such a quantity of sugar, as greatly to increase their humiliating dependency on the colonies of foreign nations.*

These and other arguments might be urged to destroy a practice, which I am intimately persuaded, it is the immediate interest of the French government to have exterminated.

* The acquisition of Louisiana weakens the force of this argument.—*Trans.*

MEMOIR

ON TOAST.

From the Anthology, February, 1809.

GENTLEMEN,

As you published in one of your numbers a translation of a French Memoir, "on the consumption of Cranberry Sauce;" it brought to my mind a collection of very singular memoirs in my possession. I have selected one or two of them, that are among the shortest, which, if you think proper, may be inserted in your miscellany. From the subjects and the manner in which they are treated, I should presume, they were originally intended for publication in some *philosophical transactions*, but whether in our own or any other country, I have not been able to determine.

It does not become me, to stipulate on what conditions they shall be published; but I may express a wish, that they should not be put under the head of

"*Levity*;" because they evidently appear to have cost the unknown philosophical author much laborious investigation and deep research.*

A CORRESPONDENT.

Memoir on the consumption of Toast in the United States; and its effects on the national character.

The absolute necessity of food to the very existence of animal life has rarely been denied; but the consequences resulting to the physical and moral system of man from the use of particular articles of food, have never been sufficiently investigated; and few governments, though they are intrusted with the care of millions of the human race, have ever systematically scrutinized the various tendencies of alimentary substances. The English are a constant example in their personal appearance and actions of a whole people consuming prodigious quantities of beef; and the harmless native of Indostan illustrates the condition of multitudes who live wholly upon rice. The utilities of these researches will be fully appreciated on reflection; and since some philosophers have asserted, that feeding a man on raw meat will make him thirst for blood, as certainly as giving him salted substances will make him thirst for wa-

* We cannot comply with the request of our correspondent, but we can assure him, that there are many grave productions of philosophers and statesmen of the present day, which we should place in the same department.—Ed.

ter; none but the most indifferent, can be insensible to the direct influences of such investigations.*

As this subject has never been scientifically treated, at least, after the most diligent inquiries, I have not been able to discover any treatise upon it, I shall divide it into *genera* and *species*, which must facilitate its comprehension. It is possible that some varieties may have escaped me; but I shall have the humble merit of laying a foundation, on which the ingenuities of others may hereafter erect a more perfect system. The order of classification which I have adopted, and which has appeared to me the most natural, is founded on the relative simplicities of the process.

FIRST GENUS.

DRY TOAST.

Species Unique.

I have considered this genus, the only one known in France, as containing no varieties, because, when cut into square pieces to be put into soup, it is only a change in the forms.

SECOND GENUS.

BUTTERED TOAST.

Four Species. 1. Biscuit. 2. Wheaten Bread. 3. Rye and Wheaten Bread. 4. Rye and Indian Bread.

* It may be necessary to state to the *impatient* reader, that we feel great regret, but no responsibility for the frequent and useless expenditure of the plural number among the author's substantives.—ED.

The preparation of all these varieties is nearly the same. The slices should be cut about one third of an inch in thickness, and the butter in a solid state applied while the toast is warm.

THIRD GENUS.

PRIMARY IMMERSED TOAST.

Three Species. 1. Biscuit. 2. Wheaten Bread. 3. Crackers. All the *species* of this *genus* are immersed in milk or water, after being cut into slices, and previously to being toasted. This whole *genus* requiring more delicacy in the operation, is of most infrequent occurrence. Perhaps the second species of this *genus*, when properly managed, offers the most seductive state, in which this pernicious substance ever appears.

FOURTH GENUS.

SECONDARY IMMERSED TOAST.

Four Species. 1. Biscuit. 2. Wheaten Bread. 3. Rye and Wheaten Bread. 4. Rye and Indian Bread. These varieties are plunged, after being toasted, into a warm mixture of melted butter and milk, or melted butter and water. They are by far the most common, and prepared the most carelessly; and are frequently given to children, because, in this way, the quantity of butter may be greatly diminished.

FIFTH GENUS.

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY IMMERSED TOAST.

Species Unique. Crackers. The remarks on the last *genus* are often true of this, though, when fabricated with care, it may vie with most of the other varieties.

In France, only the first *genus* is ever met with. In England and some other countries in Europe, the first *genus*, and the second *species* of the second *genus* only are known; but in this country, though the first *genus* is the most rare, the whole thirteen *species* are found in great profusion.

The hints contained in vulgar proverbs, often afford instruction to philosophical inquirers. It is very commonly said, that *to eat fryed bread, will make the hair curl*, and some fact must have given rise to this suggestion. Now, this preparation is very similar to toasts. If then so strong an effect is produced by eating bread in an incipient state of carbonization, it is extravagant to suppose, that much more powerful consequences would result from consuming it in a completely carbonized state? Is it not then open to conjecture, that, in the early ages of the world, some individuals might, from various accidents, have been obliged to live for a certain period on carbonized bread; which, frizzling their hair, and blackening their skins, would have produced that new species of the human race, that has since inhabited the continent of Africa?*

* The author appears not to have known, or to have disregarded the opinion of the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, that the negro was the original man, and all the others only varieties from him, degraded or improved.—Ed.

The various species of toasts, before described, compose a principal part of the morning and evening meals of the whole population; and as it happens from the carelessness of the servants, that a good deal of it, by being burnt, is eaten in a carbonized state, its effects on the animal system must be extremely deleterious.

The chemical analysis of the human body shews, that it is composed of carbon, iron, and hydrogen. It is very probable, that, if the Americans were analyzed, they would be found to contain a greater proportion of carbon than the people of other nations. But not having been able to obtain one for this purpose, I cannot verify the conjecture.

The astonishing indifference for the collection and preservation of interesting facts, so indecently manifested, and so generally prevalent here, occasions much embarrassment to the physiological inquirer. One effect is remarkable, its desiccative qualities tend to weaken the voice, and injure its powers of modulation. This is shewn in the dry, monotonous manner of public speakers, and still more in singing. The feeble, stifled, and spiritless intonations of both sacred and profane singers, are so remarkable as to strike every stranger; and I am convinced five Italians would drown the voices of the most numerous choir that could be collected.

It tends also to give a stiff, dry, crusty manner, which would not exist, if this did not form such a prevailing article of food, I will not call it nourishment. This is demonstrated by the difference of those Americans who travel in Europe, where, be-

ing for some time deprived of this article, they become much freer from local prejudice, and of more open manners, than those in whom this daily habit has never been interrupted.* An opinion may be formed of the extensive consequences resulting from this practice, when what I was told is generally known, but still disregarded. An individual mentioning to another the manner in which he had his toast prepared, and the exact quantity he ate every day, the other made a hasty calculation with a pencil, and found that he had consumed, in the course of his life, one hundred and seventy five cords! It is a subject of regret to me, that I could not learn the name of the person, because, if he should be a man of prim, precise habits, it would serve to elucidate my theory.

The subject would admit of much more ample developements, but I shall conclude with suggesting some of the prominent objections to the practice. Legislative enactments on the subject would be inefficient, if the general feelings and sentiments of an enlightened people could not be called in to their aid.

1. The abolition of this food would prevent an ignominious dependence on foreign nations, or a useless diversion of domestic industry, for the supplies of toasting irons, toasting forks, toast racks, &c. &c.

* It cannot be necessary to remind the reader, that we are not bound to refute, or accede to the conclusions of the author.—Ed.

2. It would diminish the necessities of scorching the skin and spoiling the complexion of many interesting servant maids.

3. It would prevent the present destruction of the voice; which, perhaps, if this practice ceased, would acquire force and mellowness.

4. It would serve to liberalize the manners, and enlarge the powers of the mind.

5. It would occlude the possibilities of being mutated into negroes.

6. It would operate a great saving of time, and, thus accumulating the national economies, produce a more ample developement of the national energies.

SUPPLEMENT.

I was unwilling to introduce any thing into the foregoing memoir, which might, by interrupting the continuity of the subject, divert the attention from the train of ratiocination, which, I flatter myself, so unanswerably shows the evil consequences resulting from a pernicious custom. Yet I cannot refrain from adducing further proofs, in reasoning by analogy, of the direct influences of the food we eat, on our moral as well as physical qualities, by some reflections on another substance, which will be perfectly familiar, and must have occurred to every individual. My ideas will be at once anticipated, when I mention *Plum Cake*, or its synonym, *Wedding Cake;* a com-

position, compared with *toast*, of infrequent occurrence; but which, being compounded of as many noxious and heterogeneous things as were contained in the Box of Pandora, I would suggest, should in future be called a *Pandoroid.*

The sorceresses, in preparing the Pandoroids, use many magical incantations;

> "Double, double,
> Toil and trouble;"

and then furnish the outside with a meretricious medley, mistaken by the credulous and simple for ornament, but which is in reality a close imitation of the *Obi* practices of African enchanters, from whom it was borrowed.

There are thirteen principal ingredients in these compositions, each of which, though harmless, or even nutritious when alone, becomes extremely virulent in these combinations. If other proofs of this were wanting, it would be sufficient to consider the difference between those people whose nuptials are celebrated with this inauspicious compound, and those of the poorer classes of the community. These latter, whose weddings are perpetrated with only a little innocent gingerbread, consider marriage merely as a state for getting and rearing progeny. Alas! how different from those above them.

As soon as the Pandoroid is devoured (which, from the quantities made, occupies the efforts of months) but sometimes before, its effects are fatally witnessed! The sugar was only a covering to the carbonized surface; the eating of which discovers itself in

the honied terms of "my sweet," and "my dear," that faintly conceal the *crusty* humour beneath. Then too the brandy, which was amalgamated in the mixture, shows itself in the unruly *spirit* of the infuriated husband; while the eggs, which, if the course of nature had not been interrupted, would have produced chickens, create in the wife such a disposition to *pecking*, that her mate often becomes completely *henpecked*. The citron, too, is at once an emblem and provocative of the *green eyed monster*, *Jealousy!* Let every husband beware how he tastes it.

To enlarge further would be superfluous, though the subject might be "pursued through more ample illustrations;" since no one can think *lightly* of this preparation, by whom it has ever been eaten.

MEMOIR ON

THE PURRING OF CATS.

From the Anthology, May, 1809.

The great obscurity in which this most interesting faculty of certain animals has been hitherto involved, has, doubtless, arisen from the invincible difficulties which must confound every inquirer in the first outset of his researches into the subject. Penetrated, however, with its importance, and disregarding all obstacles, when the object is to enlighten society, I resolutely attempted to surmount this difficulty; and after the most patient and laborious investigations, I had the inexpressible felicity of attaining a complete insight into this mysterious habit; and it would be selfish in me now to regret the time and exertions I have employed in prosecuting to a complete developement this hitherto almost unassayed, and most intricate inquiry.

The novelty as well as the importance of the subject, and the great variety of interesting facts, which have occurred in the course of my meditations on the economies of cats, will induce me to prepare a

very elaborate memoir, in which the gradual progress and successful termination of my labours will be minutely detailed, and many interesting anecdotes recorded for the satisfaction of the admirers of the feline species. But in the mean time I shall, in the most concise manner possible, and without any pretensions to ornament of style, state the points most worthy of notice, and an explanation of the manner in which this peculiar sound is produced; and this will give some notions about the manner in which I have conducted the examination.

1. Very important conclusions may be drawn from the manner in which this operation is expressed in different languages; and the facts resulting from it are very intimately connected with the philosophical history of nations. Lest it should savour however of pedantry, and the affectation of too great a display of learning, I shall not here inquire into the terms employed in the ancient and modern oriental languages, the indigenous tongues of America, the Russian, Turkish, &c. &c. but confine myself at present to the Latin, the Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, French and English idioms; and these will be sufficient to shew the very interesting relations, connected with this part of the subject. *Purring* is expressed in Latin by *felium blandientium sonitum edere;* in Portuguese, by *fazer hum sonido obtuso como fazem os gatos e leopardos, quando lhes farem festa;* in Italian, by *mugiolare* or *mugolare*, the same word being appropriated to express the lowing of oxen; in Spanish, by *maullar de alegria, como el gato;* in German, by *schnurren* and *swirnen;* in Dutch, by

ronking, which also signifies to snore, and *spinnen*, which is to fret; in French, by *filer*, or *faire le rout*. It will immediately strike every reader with disgust, that the stagnant, amphibious character of the Dutch language should have confounded this amiable modulation of sound, with the horrible trick of snoring, and the pitiful practice of fretting; while the very imperfect state of society in Italy, is no less evident from their blending in the same expression this sweet modulation of voice in the domestic cat, with the noisy, powerful bellowing of oxen. The Romans too, notwithstanding the boasted purity of their writers, had no single expression for this faculty; which is another proof that though powerful, they were, compared with some modern nations, barbarous; and corroborates the celebrated Mr. Gibbon's remark on the superiority of modern times, when he says that the great multiplication of glass and linen, procures more comfort to a modern English gentleman, than the massive sideboard of plate, and the plunder of a province, could afford to a luxurious proconsul.

Cleanliness and quiet are two of the principal ingredients of comfort, and in these the cat delights. Wherever then these are found (and where a man's house is his castle, and his fireside his home, they always will be found) the cat will be their companion; and by thus forming a part of fireside society, her significant intonation of contentment will be most frequently heard, and of course the most expressive and appropriate term will be adopted to express it. From whence it follows, that the nation who express this best, are the most secure in their

liberties, and the most refined in their comforts. By referring to the languages before mentioned, this will be found to conform remarkably to the existing state of things; the Portuguese are the most imperfect in their expression of it, next the Spanish, then the Italians, then the Dutch, the French and the German. This latter nation approximates nearly: *schnurren* is a very expressive word, but does not reach the perfection of *purr*, by which the superior freedom and civilization of the English are undeniably proved.

2. As many of my meditations were occupied by a favourite individual of my own gender, I was struck by a fact in his conduct which seemed to throw great light on the origin of society, and indeed accounts for the primary associations of mankind on very satisfactory grounds. Certain characteristic qualities pervade the different sexes of all animals. The individual in question, after passing his kittenhood, became remarkably disposed to roaming, deserted the house to wander in the fields, and so strong were his propensities to a savage life, that a little ill treatment or neglect at home, would, I think, have completely estranged him from domestic habits. Not so with the she-cat of the same litter; she always courted the protection of the house. What I think may be clearly deduced from this fact is, that women took the lead in the civilization of society, since men were strongly prone to lead a wild, wandering life, which the weakness and tenderness of the other sex led them to counteract; and as philosophers are generally agreed that society would gradually decline, and in all probability become finally extinct, if women were annihilated, it is extremely inter-

esting to consider them as the first cause of society, as well as of its continuance, and to the existence of which they give all the attractions and embellishments it possesses.

3. To those who have studied the philosophy of sounds, and are familiar with the principles of vibrations, it cannot be necessary to state, that this modulation, which indeed speaks for itself, is produced only when the animal is in a state of contentment, approaching to pleasure, but probably not stronger than satisfaction. That it might be placed nevertheless beyond a doubt, I ascertained from numerous experiments, that cats, in the receiver of an air pump, only partially exhausted, or deprived for an unusual time of their food, or with their feet wet, or harassed with love, never made this noise; and I am thoroughly convinced that men in any of these situations would never feel in a state of complacency corresponding to the humour of cats when purring, or to abbreviate my expressions by the use of an epithet which has been already introduced with great felicity, they would not feel in a purring humour.

4. Though not immediately connected with the subject, there is a difference between the dog and cat highly worthy of remark. A dog who has been faithful to his master for years, and to whom he is under great obligations, may be cruelly beaten by him, yet will he crouch servilely at his feet and solicit his mercy; but a cat, after being treated for years with kindness, will, if you accidentally tread on its paw or tail, inflict instant vengeance with its talons. This indicates a proud sense of its rights, and a

dignified assertion of them, that presents something truly genuine.

5. The learned Lord Monboddo has supposed, that mankind originated from a band of monkies on the shores of the Mediterranean, who, having by some accident attained the use of a particular muscle of the thumb, gradually improved, wore off their tails, and became men. It is not my intention to discuss his lordship's ingenious theory, but merely to state, that from a great variety of observations, I am fully satisfied that cats, even if they should ever succeed in wearing off their tails, would never be transformed into men.

6. When cats wink, or keep one eye open, while the other is shut, a very common movement of their optical nerves, I have ascertained that it is owing to the great irritability of the iris of their eyes, affected by the rays of light striking too forcibly upon them; and that it is never with them a significant expression of humour, as it is with individuals among men.

The concatenation of my subject has now brought me to the catastrophe, which is the explanation, hitherto unattempted, of the mode in which the noise is made, and which I am enabled to state in the most categorical terms. The predisposition of the animal's feelings, occasioned by favourable circumstances, having placed it in a state of contentment; its satisfaction is evinced by a peculiar, stifling arrestation and audible emission of its breath, which in music is expressed by the term *smozzicato*; the vital or respirable gas being inhaled in the ordinary manner, and passing the regular orifices of the lungs, is

forced into a sort of spiral convolution in its passage along the epiglottis, and retained in the mouth by a contraction of the lips, that prevent its instantaneous escape, while a contraction of the costal muscles operating upon it with increased vehemence, it is forced, by a repercussion against the internal surface of the teeth and jaws, to move, in a state of compression and partial condensation, along the extremely rough surface of the tongue in a longitudinal direction, till checked by the newly issued respiration from the lungs, it escapes by an eddying movement out of the corners of the mouth, where it plays among the whiskers like the zephyr on the strings of the Eolian harp, but producing a sound incomparably more grateful. I flatter myself that this clear, concise and simple explanation will render this formerly abstruse subject familiar to the meanest capacity.

A DISSERTATION UPON

THINGS IN GENERAL,

AFTER THE MANNER OF SEVERAL AUTHORS.

From the Anthology, April, 1810.

If the importance of any topic, or the variety of details it involves, could ever deter any author from his purpose, the subject of this dissertation would produce that effect. But being animated and prepared for the task by a long course of previous studies, and convinced of its utility, I feel confident, if my readers are not slow in taking leave of a subject, and have sufficient elasticity to bound from one place to another in rather quick succession, that we may all of us be edified by its execution.

It will be fair however, in the outset, to caution all those folks who can boggle at any leap, not to mount: if they cannot dash through any hedge or over any ditch, they will only fatigue themselves for nothing, and lose all the pleasure of the chase. If

they are in at any death, it will most probably be their own. The game is to be pursued

" O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare ;"

nor could any ingenuity make it otherwise.

The difficulty in this discussion is very different from that which happens in going to law ; it is not in getting out, but in getting in. Once fairly impelled, the motion will be rapid enough, though in the comet like eccentricity of the course, those who resolve to proceed, like Whiston's " damned," will be chilled in the remotest regions of Saturn at one period, and scorched in traversing the realms of the sun at another. A meditation on the plurality of worlds, or deciding whether the moon has an atmosphere, would be simpler operations than the one before us.

Having arrived however at such a prodigious height, it will be well to look down on this little, whirling, twisting, turnip-shaped globe, and taking a bird's eye view of its surface, gradually descend to its nearest mountains, the Andes, the Alps, Teneriffe, Etna, Caucasus; and while stepping from one summit to another, as ladies do on the most prominent stones in crossing a muddy street, reflect, for every moment must be employed, that all matter exists in three forms, solidity, fluidity, and aëriform elasticity; and then, the existence of matter being ascertained, we may calmly alight on the blue hills in the neighbourhood of Boston; from which latter place the nature of spirit may be easily considered.

Spirit is joined with matter only in man. The physical part of man is composed of two forms of matter, solidity and fluidity, with which the moral part is united, but in what manner philosophers are not agreed. This however is of no great consequence; their action upon each other is strange and often contradictory in its effects. Some individuals have more flesh, and others have more mind. One thing only is certain respecting it, that the extent, the lightness, the elasticity, or the force of the mind, do not depend on the greater or less quantity of flesh. Thus far of man and woman too in their individual state.

Man in his social state is more important. To define and class him as a solitary being, or as a social one, is attended with almost insuperable difficulty. Plato himself failed in the former instance; for a deplumed cock answered to his description.* The most satisfactory definition is a discovery of modern times; man is a cooking animal. The social state of man has also given rise to many different opinions; but after all, that of Champfort is the simplest, and perhaps the best: "Society," says he, "is composed of two classes;—of those who have better dinners than appetites, and those who have better appetites than dinners."

Man is the creature of education, and ought not to be bred above or below his rank, a rule which is violated both ways in this country. Take an instance of the latter, the former is in every man's way.

* Vid. vet. schol. Grec.

Nathan was the son of a country gentleman; he was sent to an academy to learn Latin, and his catechism. When at home, there was no indulgence for him in the parlour, and perfect indifference about his associating with his father's labourers: He was however regularly taught not to steal, because it was a violation of the eighth commandment, and never suffered to grin after the sun went down on Saturday night, till it rose again on Monday morning. In due time he went to college. By the care of a lady, who had some experience of life, and who was greatly admired in the country, he was furnished with a set of principles, written in large copy hand and fastened into his pocket book. His progress was for a time surprising; those who had the care of him, began to flatter themselves that he had no genius, and that he would make a useful man. Alas! the fairest hopes are often blasted! It was in his sophomore year, one luckless, murky night, that he lost his pocket book—and his principles were in it!—He now became fond of sitting in an oblique position, and wrote his themes in blank verse; these striking resemblances to Milton soon bewildered him, and made him blind to his duty. He went *through* college—his further history may be easily imagined.

The mention of themes recals to mind a few desultory rules for composition and conversation, which have been lately collected; and in a treatise of this kind, no hint must be passed by, lest it should never occur again.

1. If you wish to convince people by argument, begin by insulting their feelings, and rousing their passions. Vide our political writers, passim.

2. If you are writing upon political economy, draw your authorities from Petrarch and Dante.

3. If you quote from the Latin poets, choose Claudian and Statius, or in case of need, Sannazarius or Buchanan. To cite Virgil and Horace is a stale college trick.

4. If you seek for the sublime, and are not afraid of floundering, look over the 4th of July orations, and the addresses to the Charitable Fire Society.

5. If you wish to attain general views, and what the painters call a large manner, consult the French state papers. The Dutch have windmills innumerable, they smoke almost as much as the Americans, and drink more gin; every man and woman in the country is by petticoats and breeches surrounded as many times as Erebus was by Styx. Even the fat burgomasters of the present day had heard of the De Ruyters and Van Tromps, the De Wits, and the Princes of Orange; but the French are not puzzled by all these facts; the French emperor in casting his eyes over Europe, puffed away the fog and tobacco smoke that covered the country, and saw at once that Holland was only "the alluvion of the Rhine."

6. Always speak to the purpose; do not attempt to teach a blind man painting. In Andover you would descant upon the apathy consequent on too much mildness of character, harmony and concord in the heads of an institution. In Cambridge, you would dwell on the confusion incident upon too much energy, and upon the calamities attending early marriages.

7. If you are engaged in teaching, make use of classick methods. For instance, do you want to give ladies, who are frightened at the ugliness of the words, an idea of synthesis and analysis, take a group of them making patchwork, and then, like the man who discovered that he had been speaking prose all his life, they will be surprised at finding that they are performing both those operations at the same time. They are putting together pieces of calico, which is *synthesis*, and they are taking to pieces the characters of their acquaintance, which is *analysis*.

8. If you undertake any work, make the frame of it elastic, so that you may change its title or its form, if it should be rendered necessary by events. Make it a sort of polypus, so that if you cut off its head or its tail, another will grow, or if you split it down in the middle, it will become two perfect bodies. Contrive your book like those rare houses, which we see advertised in the country, "*as admirably calculated for the private gentleman, trader, or tavern-keeper.*"

9. If you should be annoyed by punsters, which happens to many an honest man, repeat the following sentence from the illustrious Martinus Scriblerus, and overwhelm them. This sort of gentry are not much read in the ancient authors, and will be easily confounded. If the conversation does not lead to it, lug it in by the head and shoulders; wit and statesmen are both introduced in this manner every day.—Figure to yourself the dismay of a punster assailed by a galaxy of puns like the following:—Who is not governed by the word *led*? Our noble-

men and drunkards are pimp-led, physicians and pulses fee-led, their patients and oranges pil-led, a new married man and an ass bride-led, an old married man and a horse sad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, swine and nobility are sty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are spark-led, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led."

Having got from man as an individual to man as a social being, the natural order of the subject leads to a consideration of the form of government, best calculated for the general interests of society. Monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, have each their several advantages, and of those attending the latter, we have daily experience in this most enlightened country. But there is one form of government, which legislative theorists have strangely passed over; and though it has been common in all ages, from the time of Socrates to the present, it is probable that no theory of it exists, not even in the pigeon holes of the Abbe Sieyes himself. A *gynecocracy* is the most admirable of all governments, and models of it in action may every where be found. If perpetual activity, vigilance, and a steady rein, be valuable qualities, no species of rule possesses them so remarkably as a gynecocracy. Theoretical legislators, individuals who are fond of proposing amendments to our constitutions, will do well to study the nature of this government; many of them may have an opportunity without stirring from home, and at farthest will only have to visit some of their neighbours. The Corinthian capital owed its origin to a weed growing beside a stone;

the government of a nation may be perhaps ameliorated, or at least changed by contemplating the police of a single family.

Motives to action must exist, whatever may be the form of government. In the savage state, hunger is the only one that urges the biped to exertion; but in a social state they are numerous. They are easily, and indeed advantageously converted into passions, and here the great difficulty arises, which is, to controul the bad and encourage the good passions. Anger, for instance, is the most common, yet anger is turbulent, vindictive, unjust, and the cause of a thousand evils. In a single man it may cause the misery of millions. Read the Iliad, and judge of its effects; the poem is founded upon them.*

Wealth, the applause of mankind, and a long life of glory are held out as motives; yet all these may be easily shewn to be unreal, or contemptible. Hear what the poet says of wealth.

> Riches are oft by guilt or baseness earn'd,
> Oft dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
> Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

So much for riches. The prosperity of a long life, or the desire of glorious fame, are equally subject to doubt, as is fully proved by the celebrated Portuguese poet, Luis Rafael Soye, whose works are

* The reader is requested to peruse the first twenty lines, and indeed the whole book may be read to great advantage.

doubtless familiar to all my readers, who has these beautiful thoughts in the 75th stanzas of his 11th night.

Quanto he vario o Destino! quao voluvel
Dos homans distribue as varios sortes!
A huns castiga com eternos loiros,
Premeia a outros com infaustas mortes.

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

This work under the title of the North American Review and Miscellaneous Journal, was begun by me, and the first number published in May, 1815. It was originally intended to combine the properties of a magazine and review, and was issued every two months. It continued in this manner till December, 1818, when it was changed to a quarterly publication. The running number in continuation from the beginning is retained, but when the work came into the charge of the present editor, it is noted in the title, as being a new series, the numbers of which are also given.

My motives in this undertaking were not wholly selfish. I thought such a work would be of public utility, and that there was talent enough in this vicinity to give it ample support. I began it without sufficient arrangement for aid from others, and was in consequence obliged to write more myself than was suitable for a work of this description, which requires a variety of style, and much more elaborate

investigation of the various subjects discussed, than any one person can possibly give. I was however assisted occasionally by the kindness of some of the ablest writers we possess. I did not give my name as editor, because it never was my intention to continue the work more than two years, and because among other reasons, I had no pretensions which would justify ambition in the line of editorship: never meaning, however, to deny my responsibility to any person who might feel himself aggrieved by any thing contained in its pages.

No attempt was ever made to extend the subscription to this work by any one of the scientific kinds of puffing. Spontaneous encouragement was very rare, and I believe I was more indebted to some person in Baltimore wholly unknown to me, for friendly notices of the work, than to any other quarter. It was my belief, that every literary undertaking would place itself on its proper level in public estimation, in spite of friends or enemies; a theory which has proved true in this instance, by the parallel extension of patronage with its increased merit. The same principle made me disregard calumny, whether written or printed, because if the work was deserving of public favour it would survive all the attacks of enmity and ignorance. There was one instance however, that for a moment I felt a disposition to answer, till recollecting Mr. Ames' remark, that "a Lie would travel from Maine to Georgia while Truth was getting on his boots;" and that my answer could never follow the libel to its obscure retreats, I suffered it to perish quietly with the thousands that

had gone before it. I am induced now to mention the circumstance without going into much detail, in the hope that it may produce some useful inferences; and lead many worthy men in some parts of the United States, to receive with greater caution, some of the vilifying statements that have been made against this quarter of the country.

A weekly newspaper in Boston, one of those ephemeral journals, which rise in all parts of the country, like the autumnal exhalations from our swamps, often as virulent, but fortunately of as short duration; gave in a series of numbers some remarks on an American edition of Bigland's history, and took for their motto a sentence from the North American Review, noting the article from which it was taken, which was a review of the work entitled "the United States and England;" one of the answers to the Quarterly Review. I wrote the long article upon this book, with an intention of corroborating the statements of the New-York pamphlet, from which copious extracts were made, and of which I spoke in favourable terms, as I thought it deserved. In concluding my remarks, I said, referring to the libel in the Quarterly Review, "we hope that the indignation," &c.: as the sentence will presently appear in a quotation, it is unnecessary to transcribe it here.

This sentence so quoted, caught the eye of a New York editor, and in the genuine spirit, of "uncandid dulness," he applied it to the American work, and not to the British Review. The opportunity to calumniate the people of Boston, and the first number of a new literary Journal, was not to be overlooked.

The following effusion appeared in consequence in the New-York National Advocate.

NEW-ENGLAND POLITICS.

"The Boston politicians tenaciously adhere to the distinctive appellation of New-*England*, for the section of the country they inhabit, as though they derived more honour from the land from which they descended, than from that in which they were born and reside. But they are still more inflexibly attached to the *politics* of old England when opposed to those of our own country, than to the name, as different from that of the United States. Thus we see them boasting of being New-England men, while they pretend to be ashamed that they are Americans, and in all cases affecting the honour and interest of the two countries, giving old England the preference to the United States.

"Our readers have heard and read of "The United States and England," the production of genius and patriotism, drawn from a gentleman of this city, to repel a furious, wanton and malevolent attack on this country in the British Quarterly Review. And how should an able and worthy champion of native character and manner, be treated, but with gratitude and respect! Yet we find a Boston publication, *a thing* called the North American Review; saying of this respectable and popular work:

'We hope that the *indignation* this *libel* has excited among men of *all parties* in America, may create some sensation in England; and that it may be treated eventually with the *scorn* it *merits*!'

"Here is *North American* sentiments with a vengeance! What *pensioned hireling* of a British ministry, or *toad-eater* to the pure and exemplary prince regent, would have said more, of an American production, called for by the reputation of his country, and properly modelled after the example set by the British libeller of us—who no doubt is justified by these *Bostonian vipers* in all his insolent abuse and *profligate vulgarity of style*, since it is levelled at the United States!

"If these *Anglo American scribblers*, these *English bastards and spaniels* in literature and sentiment, escape a richly merited reward of public *scorn and execration*, it must be by a rapid descent into the tomb of oblivion which kindly receives all such *mushroom reptiles* and shelters them from the *lash of justice*."

This quotation is inserted without any alteration, except putting a few words in italics—where truth, and decency receive so many outrages, grammar of course will be treated with little respect, and one or two slight offences against the latter, may be overlooked. These remarks were republished in the National Intelligencer, and some ardent writer sprang forward with a threatening series of numbers, in which the character of these "Boston traitors" was to be unmasked and displayed. Probably he soon discovered his mistake, for only the first number came out,—but neither in that paper, nor in the New-York, nor Boston one, did the slightest explanation or acknowledgement appear, though the last of these, and probably both the others, must have known what an egregiously malignant representation, they had so widely circulated.

I have quoted only the part immediately relating to the North American Review, but it was followed in the same strain with abuse of Boston and the citizens of New-England generally. The whole communication was closed with this exquisite query: "Is it the character of these people the Editor of the Essex Register is so fearful the Olive Branch will injure? !!"*

The powerful influence of the French revolution and the universal interest it excited in all civilized countries, not only pervading the literature of every nation, but marshalling all the world in its contagious quarrels, had for well-known reasons an extraordinary dominion in this country. Political sympathies and antipathies gave a bias to all our opinions. In addition to which, we were so young in the career of literature, we ran so much risk of adopting barbarisms both in taste and sentiment, from the passionate vehemence of party feelings, and the presumption of rash pretenders, that many sound scholars saw no other mode to avert the threatened evils, than to shew unlimited deference to the great standards of English learning. In following this course, they sometimes confounded the ideas of time and space; and blended the respect that was due to what was consecrated by the former, with a defe-

* The late learned Dr. Bentley of Salem, edited gratuitously and most industriously, the Essex Register, a "republican" newspaper. Being struck with the mischievous character of the "Olive Branch" he deprecated its injurious tendency, and thus exposed himself to this taunting reproof from those, who were its admirers from the most natural motives.

rence to opinions protected only by the latter, which might be often prejudiced, interested, and unsound. The danger that might thus arise is obvious; it may be compared to the apprehension that is felt in some countries respecting those who believe in the papal supremacy, which if it could be confined to spirituals would be almost a matter of indifference, and is only dreaded on account of its opening a passage, to the insidious entrance of political influence and the possession of temporal power. The admiration that was so justly felt for the illustrious names of English literature and politics in past ages, was often blindly given to their living descendants, whose infirmities were invisible at a distance. These feelings sometimes produced a little too much severity in judging our own productions, and rather more submission to foreign criticism, than impartial justice would have dictated in either case. The consequence was occasionally, a want, or rather a suppression, of national feeling and independent judgment, that would sooner or later have become highly injurious.

To counteract the tendency of this state of things, which if I have not succeeded in describing very clearly, will still be understood by many persons, was one of the chief motives in establishing this Review. The spirit of the work was national and independent as regarded foreign countries, yet not falling under the dominion of party at home; and the tone of it, in these respects, is I think different from that of any preceding journal. This tone it has always preserved, with one or two slight exceptions, and I do not know how far my vanity will be

pardoned in making a claim to some agency in establishing it, as the only one, I have to any merit connected with that work.

The citizens of the United States are not yet emancipated, nor can they expect to be for some time to come, from a degree of dependence on foreign opinion in every thing regarding literature. Yet criticism is every day gaining ground among us, obtaining wider influence as it displays greater talent, and the period is perhaps not very distant when foreign literary decisions will be sought for principally under the impulse of curiosity; and our own tribunals will be esteemed the supreme authority. The North-American Review is contributing in every number to produce this effect; and it certainly shews that there is a considerable stock of literature already accumulated in the country, when such a journal should have continued for several years increasing in value, and preserving itself from the bigoted sway of any political or religious party. When we consider what the Monthly Anthology was in 1810, and what the North-American Review is in 1820, the increase in this department, at least rivals any other in this most prolific and expanding country. The enlightened observer will find it to keep pace with most of the statistical facts, connected with production or population, that are obvious enough to excite admiration in many, who are indifferent to the progress of intellectual efforts.*

* It may be necessary to add that this was written in December 1820, and that I had contributed nothing to the Review for two years previous.

The Review passed from my hands into the possession of a few gentlemen who own it in common; writing in it occasionally themselves and procuring literary contributions from others. The principal charge of editing it, is in the care of a gentleman singularly qualified for the task, and well prepared for the highest departments of editorship. In originally undertaking the work, I flattered myself that it would eventually come under his direction, and I trust it will continue for a long period to add to his reputation and to that of American literature.

ON

GEOLOGICAL SYSTEMS.

From the North-American Review, July, 1816.

Sir,

If the following pages will do for your Journal, I offer them for insertion. They are the amount of a conversation reduced to writing, and of course necessarily superficial and imperfect. A lady, whose reading was more among the lighter books of literature, than the ponderous ones of science, having met with some allusions to the *Vulcanian* and *Neptunian* theories of the earth, and mention of *Vulcanists* and *Neptunists*, requested of me an explanation of these systems. Without pretensions to any profound knowledge of geology, I should have hesitated at the task, if a very learned dissertation had been necessary; but trusting that my fair inquirer had too little acquaintance with science, to expose my errors, if she would, and too much good nature to do it, if she could, I attempted a brief exposition of the subject.

Among the heathen divinities, there were two of great eminence, whose names have been borrowed

by geologists, as very convenient to designate their different theories. Neptune was the God of the sea, the brother of Jupiter, and drove about the capricious element he ruled, in a large shell, drawn by sea horses, of a breed which are now extinct, except in the designs of artists. He carried in his hand a fork with three prongs, called a trident. As the God himself has not been seen for some centuries, a very famous nation, who have driven very furiously over the ocean, without the aid of horses, had long claimed to be in possession of his trident, which has been called, "the sceptre of the globe." The world has generally acceded to this pretension, though having driven with too much violence, and too little caution against some who were travelling the same rout, it is supposed, that a younger nation obtained one of the prongs in a short scuffle, which ensued at last, in consequence of frequent altercation.

Vulcan was more renowned for his skill, than his good fortune. He formed a very brilliant, but unfortunate matrimonial connexion. His principal employment was forging thunderbolts for Jupiter, who, like other tyrants, was often in a passion. Our fellow townsman, Dr. Franklin, has protected us by one of his discoveries, from the skill of Vulcan, and the force of Jupiter; and as he also contributed to establish the liberty of our country, both these exploits have been happily commemorated in a well known line in Latin, which I need not repeat.

Vulcan's workshops were situated near Mount Etna, and he employed a number of gigantic journeymen, with only one eye in the centre of their fore-

head, called Cyclops. A very particular account of these people, and the adventures of Ulysses among them, you will find in the 9th book of that most amusing poem, the Odyssey. It is impossible not to remark here, how much the poets can make out of the simplest materials. This story of Vulcan, his labours, and labourers, are all derived from one of the earliest iron founders, whose workmen, to protect their eyes from the intense heat of the metal, wore a leather mask, which had one large hole in the centre; Homer transformed these poor blacksmiths into monsters, and made them immortal.

Now Geologists are divided into two parties: the first say that this globe was formed by the agency of fire, and they are called *Vulcanists*, from the God of fire. The others maintain that water was the agent, and are called *Neptunists*, from the God of that element. Perhaps you may obtain some idea of their different theories, by applying them alternately to the formation of that cumbrous, magnificent, wedding cake, which stands on the table near us, with all its ornaments of gilded box, motto shells, sugared almonds, &c. &c. In reasoning on its formation, of which I really know little more than of that of the earth, which groans under its weight; I will apply, alternately, the Neptunian and Vulcanian theories, to account for its construction. The lady here inquired, whether these theories did not interfere with the Mosaick account of the creation? I explained to her, that there was nothing irreverent in these investigations; that in the various departments of the Old Testament, the most pious and learned theolo-

gians were undecided what was exactly historical, metaphorical, or inspired—That many parts of it were mysterious, and the whole an object of faith and veneration—That men of science, who should be the last to interfere with any thing religious, conducted their inquiries without any reference to that sacred relation. They reasoned precisely, as if no such account existed.

To commence with the Vulcanian theory, a geologist of this school would say, that water was not an adequate agent to produce the effects we witness; that there must be a great central fire to have formed this composition; that the surface exhibits the most evident marks of fusion, and in penetrating beneath it, there is a black carbonaceous crust, which is evidently the product of fire; that if it had been the product of water, instead of the irregular lava which now covers its surface, vegetation would have appeared the moment the surface was exposed, and before it could be wholly desiccated. Whereas, the slow decomposition of a volcanic surface, is here shewn by the scanty vegetation that appears; besides, the specimens of gold in a pure state, must have been the product of fire. It is quite clear, that if it had not been through the agency of the principle of caloric, which pervades and animates all creation, this production would never have existed.

The Neptunist would say, that there were too many appearances to leave any doubt about the agency of water: the amygdaloids, mandelsteins, or almond stones, by their rounded and washed appearance, had evidently been rolled in the water, and

the incrustation that surrounded them was the mere induration of the deposit, in which they had been left, after the water had receded; that a further convincing proof might be found in those fossile shells, which would have been calcined by the fire. These shells resemble no species exactly,* that are now found, and were evidently the tenants of those ancient waters, which once covered the globe, and have since been exhaled or contained within the bounds of the different oceans. Besides, if water had not held the whole globe in solution, how could they thus be found on its highest surfaces, and imbedded so deeply in the interior, forming whole masses of zoolite strata?—My interesting inquirer here became impatient, which the reader may wonder had not been the case sooner, and said, that as this bridal cake was notoriously made with the help of both fire and water, why may not the geologists agree to admit the intervention of both, and thus put an end to the dispute—My dear friend, this would be fatal! science is like love, if there are too many disputes, it expires in a war of words; but if it never excites any discussion, it will be extinguished in apathy. WERNER.

* For the satisfaction of the learned reader, I suggest that this shell comes the nearest to the *species Uva, genus turbo, cochlea alba ventricosa, bidens, Strys eminentibus, exasperata.*

MEMOIR ON THE

ANTIQUITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the North American Review, November, 1816.

NAUMKEAG, ——.

SIR,

IN the 7th number of your Journal, I proposed furnishing you with some observations on "the antiquity of the United States;" respecting which, I had been led to entertain an opinion in a degree different from the one, generally held on the subject. A further investigation has opened such a wide field of proof and illustration, that to embrace the whole would require a more elaborate work, than I shall perhaps ever be willing to undertake. Being desirous however, to place before the public a few hints on this interesting topic, I have thought the simplest mode of doing this, would be to throw an abstract of these researches into the form of an irregular memoir. This paper I now inclose, and after what has been said, it is not necessary to apologize for the absence of all pretension to extraordinary learning, or regularity of system; if at any future time the

latter should be produced, it cannot be without some aid from the former. In the mean time, I trust that no plagiarist will take advantage of the open manner in which these primary sketches are given to the public, to forestall me in the completion of a larger work. As I observe that you do not secure the copy-right of your Journal, and I have already suffered on another occasion, from having my thoughts taken, without any credit being given for them, I am the more cautious to dwell upon this point. I certainly shall not see my ideas pilfered with impunity; and if any person should be disposed to engage in so nefarious a design, let me warn him in the animated language of a favourite author to beware: The benevolent *Calvin*, in accusing the learned *Pighius* of plagiarism, has the following remarks:—

Vellem nunc scire quo jure aut titulo, mea sic pro suis usurpet. Si qua magna esset inter nos necessitudo, ego hanc confidentiam amicitiae non difficulter concederem. Sed nunc huic veniae non est locus. An quia hostis sum, se jus direptionis in omnia mea habere putat? At hoc praedae genus nullo, nec jure, nec more, defendi potest. Unus ergo praetextus restat, homini docto potuisse non minus venire in mentem quae dixeram, quam mihi prius venerant. Sed lectores obsecrò, si tantum habeant otii, ut caput primum libri Pighiani cum primo Institutionis meae capite conferat. Nihil dico, nisi quod non sine risu ac stomacho perspicient nimis perditam hominis impudentiam. Quod si ulterius pergere libeat, percurrant quae de justificatione tractat in altero illo opere, et ad sextum Institutionis meae caput exigant: mirum si bilem continere queant. Neque enim clanculum piratur aut carptim: neque artificio tegere ita studet suas rapinas, ut apud se natum videatur, quod apud me legit, sed ita palam mea ad verbum recitat, ut videatur paginas ipsas totas pigritia asruisse, quo describendi laborem fugeret. Si fateretur authorem, cum

*dicerem mutuari: nunc quid causari potest, quo minus plagiarius palam vocetur.**

Another motive in making this extract, unconnected with the immediate subject of this letter, was, that it furnishes us from this great man himself, with an infallible test to discover his genuine disciples; these words *si bilem continere queant*, are the true touchstone; timidity, locality, credulity may make ostensible Calvinists, but such are without an inquisitorial spirit, and are merely Christians. The real Calvinists are those, with whom the *bilem continere* is an impossibility.

MEMOIR ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old. *Dr. Armstrong.*

——Septem circumstantias morales enumerat, quis, quid, circa quid, et in quo, quo, cujus gratia, et qualiter.
Bradwardinus, p. 305, folio edition.

Beguyl'd thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate.
Spenser Faery Queen.

—It ought nevertheless to be remarked, that there are many important advantages derived to our reasoning from this present manner of considering the subject. The principles being now established, they will be supported by a further induction of facts and occurrences, to an extent and amount, that it is impossible at this moment fairly to estimate. *Dr. Mitchill.*

* Calvin respons. contra Pighium de libero arbitrio p. 140 opuscul. Theolog.

The first peopling of America, and many other questions connected with the early history of this country, have engaged the attention and industry of many learned men, who after the most laborious investigation, have displayed a vast variety of opinions, and come at last to the most opposite conclusions on the subject. To borrow a sentence of great elegance, it may be said, that, "one has fancied one thing, another another, and a third has guessed a third."* All these theories have some circumstances to support them, and this only tends to increase the confusion. There is no system more palpably absurd than that of De Pau, who maintained that this continent had recently emerged from the ocean, and that its soil and climate were not yet sufficiently dried and matured, for the advantageous production of animal and vegetable life. We are still under obligations to him for his visionary system, since it might have been the first cause of our considering a directly opposite plan to get rid of the obscurity and contradiction in which the matter was involved; and thus to strike out a theory which it may be hoped will be hereafter incontrovertibly established, by which it will be clearly seen that this continent is the primeval one, and that the United States are the most ancient nation on the globe.

A superficial view of the subject may render some averse to this conclusion who found their opinions on chronology, a science of all others the most uncertain. It is related of Sir Walter Raleigh, that

* Dr. Sykes's paraphrase on the epistle to the Hebrews: introduction.

having been an eye witness to a scene that passed under his windows, and hearing the next day the various relations which were given of it by different witnesses, he was tempted to throw the manuscript of his History of the World, that he was then composing, into the fire. How many examples of recent events will create the same feelings, and induce us to view all history founded only on chronology, with suspicion. For example, how many volumes have been composed on the subject of the priority of " the *French decrees* and the *British Orders in Council*;" and though the whole business was involved in uncertainty, yet both those generous and magnanimous governments assumed that the other was the aggressor, and on this ground alone, felt themselves obliged out of a pure and noble love of justice, to take our property wherever it could be found. Surely it behoves us to appreciate this science properly; no nation ever suffered so severely for a mere error in chronology.

Facts of the same nature, though not quite of the same importance, which might be easily multiplied, shew how vain is all dependence on chronology. The language therefore of Plutarch in his life of Solon, may be quoted as unanswerable :—" I cannot persuade myself to reject it because of some chronological canons, as they call them, which hundreds of authors correcting, have not yet been able to constitute any thing certain, in which they could agree among themselves about repugnancies."*

* I had hesitated in the citations from Plutarch and Plato, whether to give them in the original Greek; a disinclination to any thing like a parade of learning, which will be sufficiently ap-

The divine Plato, while giving an account of the Athenienses in his Thimeum and Atlanticum, speaks of their having defeated kings, and great crouds of people who came by sea from the great *Insula Atlantica*. He makes mention of many remarkable things in this Island, as it was improperly called, of the customs of the inhabitants, describes a magnificent temple they possessed, the walls of which were lined with gold and silver. He says, that this land commenced near the pillars of Hercules, and was held to be greater than Asia and Africa, that it contained ten kingdoms, which Neptune divided among his ten sons, giving Atlas the greatest empire. He also tells us that 9000 years before his time, the sea increased with such mighty power, that the island was sunk. The commentators Marcinus, Ficinus and Plantinus, say Plato was writing literally, not allegorically, of which it seems impossible that any person should have a doubt. Eudoxus would have us calculate these years after the manner of the Egyptians, which would make them only months : all the ancient historiographers and cosmographers called the sea where this island was sunk Mathanticum.*

parent in the course of this memoir, decided me to give them in English. Those who wish to consult the originals, will find which are the best editions of these authors, by referring to Dibdin's classicks. It is possible, however, after I have pursued the subject in an elaborate manner, I may publish a *Personal Narrative* separately, in which, as the public will naturally look for amusement, I snall give whole pages of calculations, with lists of authors whose very names they never before heard.

* A recent Turkish traveller, Ali Bey, has invented a fanciful system which would have made the Atalantis to have formed

Every person who reads these two books of Plato and the enlivening remarks of his commentators, will be fully convinced of the existence of the great island or continent, Atalantis, and will be ready to exclaim,

'It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well.'

The unquestionable authority of Spenser, may be relied upon to shew more particularly, the origin of the first inhabitants of the Atalantis, or America, as it has been recently called. In the 10th canto of the second book of his immortal *Faery Queen*, from the 70th to the 78th stanza, he gives the origin of these inhabitants; he proves that they were the descendants of the man made by Prometheus, and which he animated by stealing fire from heaven; and this is still more interesting, because some doubts existed respecting the fate of that singular individual's progeny. To remove all possibility of cavil, he gives us the names of the different sovereigns from *Elfe* to *Glorian*. The singular and romantick origin of this race, furnishes reasons to suppose that there was some difference in their formation from that of our species, and perhaps it may not be extravagant to suppose, that the bones of a nondescript kind which have been found in various parts of the United States,

part of Africa, and that the portion which was sunk occupied the present Bay of Tripoli to the sea in its vicinity, while the great desert of Africa was formerly the bottom of the Atlantic. The Turks may oppress the modern Greeks, but they must prostrate themselves before their ancestors. This memoir is too serious to dwell upon such trifling; Ali Bey cannot prove an *alibi* in this case of the Atlantis; he must not oppose himself to Plato.

and which have puzzled naturalists so much, may be the remains of this class of men. The supposition at least is worthy of some investigation. The following verses contain a brief account of the whole genealogy.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended ; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leisure so long leaves here to repeat :
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
And then stole fire from heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Jove depryv'd
Of life himselfe, and heartstrings of an eagle ryv'd.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd ;
Who, wandering through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardens of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either spright
Or angell, th' author of all woman kynd ;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeries spring, and fetch their lineage right.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd
And to themselves all nations did subdew.
The first and eldest, which that sceptre sway'd,
Was Elfin ; him all India obay'd,
And all that now America men call :
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all,
But Elfiline enclos'd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field ;
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build :
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three ;
Then Elfinor who was in magic skill'd ;
He built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of bras, whose sound heven's thunder seem'd to be.

He left three sonnes, the which in order rayn'd,
And all their offspring in their dew descents :
Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mighty deedes their sondry governments,
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall ;
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule to kings and states imperiall.

After all these Elfideos did rayne,
The wise Elfideos ! in great majestie
Who mightily that sceptre did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crown of Faery.
He left two sonnes of which fayre Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dye,
Whose empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplide in spousall and dominion.

Great was his power and glory over all,
Which him before that sacred scale did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall.
He dying, left the fairest Tanaquill
Him to succeed therein by his last will ;
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;
Therefore they Glorian call that Glorious flowre ;
Long mayst thou, Glorian ! live, in glory and great powre.

Beguyl'd thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate ;
Till gentle Alma seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite ;
So half unwilling from their bookes them brought
And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

A writer in the Port Folio, for the month of March 1815, seems to have had a glimpse of this fine system and to have lost it untimely. A perusal of Plato had brought him on the true scent, but having unfortunately started a particular word, he has hunted it through all its doublings and windings, till he has lost the fine idea which was in full view. The Hebrew word *Peleg* caught his attention, and like a German University he has devoted his whole time to the investigation of a single word, and is of course nearly as bare of ideas, as some thousand of folios produced by German commentators. The following paragraph will shew how near he was to a brilliant discovery. " We think there is sufficient reason to believe, that land once connected America to the old world, in place of which now roll the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Over this continuous land men and animals passed. This land, which, it is probable, was of very considerable extent, was all submerged, except in those parts of it which now appear as islands in those seas." More regret will be felt that this deserving author should have been thus led away, since he discovers so much of that genuine

modesty which accompanies real merit. There is something almost affecting in the timid manner with which he suggests, that the land which occupied the place of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was, "*it is probable of very considerable extent.*"

One more authority only will be adduced for this branch of the subject, but that one will be conclusive. The learned Dr. Mitchill, (*Centumvir olim*) of New-York, who in seconding the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, Lafon and others, throws so much light on the subject as to place it beyond dispute. An abstract of his opinions, will be sufficient to carry conviction to every candid mind.

"I avoided the opportunity which this grand conclusion afforded me, of stating that America was the cradle of the human race; of tracing its colonies westward over the Pacific Ocean, and beyond the sea of Kamschatcka, to new settlements; of following emigrants by land and by water, until they reached Europe and Africa; and lastly, of following adventurers from the former of these sections of the globe, to the plantations and abodes which they found and occupied in America. I had no inclination to oppose the current opinions, relative to man's creation and dispersion. I thought it was scarcely worth the while to inform an European, that on coming to America, he had left the *new* word behind him, for the purpose of visiting the *old*. It ought nevertheless to be remarked, that there are many important advantages derived to our reasoning from this present manner of considering the subject. The principles being now established, they will be supported

by a further induction of facts and occurrences, to an extent and amount that it is impossible, at this moment fairly to estimate. And the conclusions of Jefferson, Lafon, and others, favourable to the greater antiquity of American population, will be duly reinforced and confirmed."*

That America was the oldest continent, and its inhabitants the most ancient people on the globe, is now fairly proved; and if this supposition did not accord with reason at first sight, the weight of so many great names, as have been cited, will certainly be sufficient to induce every lover of truth to give the matter that careful investigation, which will be inevitably rewarded with conviction. This being established, the second point to be considered, is the antiquity of the United States; and the extreme remoteness of this could not be placed beyond a doubt, unless the ancient existence of the continent had been first demonstrated.

Although this part of the subject is more obvious, it is not unaccompanied with difficulties to minds which reflect deeply. To those indeed, whose frivolity and credulity make them receive implicitly, the common cant of this being, "an infant nation, a youthful nation," &c. and who rely upon the most fallible and confused of all sciences, chronology, for their belief, it will be in vain to display a philosophical argument; but to more sound and robust intellects, the conclusions will appear inevitable. The

* Dr. Mitchill's syllabus of a course of lectures in Natural History.

most embarrassing difficulty is, that there are some reasons for carrying back this antiquity to a period so remote, as to involve a considerable degree of contradiction with other known data. One only of these will be particularly alluded to, and that is, the practice of chewing the narcotick plant, nicotiana, or tobacco. The learned Caledonian patrician, lord Monboddo, first shewed satisfactorily, that the human race is derived from a particular species of monkey, which once inhabited the shores of the Mediterranean; and who having by chance acquired the use of the muscle which moves the thumb, the paw of the animal was at once converted into the human hand; and the prodigious advantages arising from this source, enabled them gradually to improve their moral and physical faculties, obliterate their tails, and become men. It is certain, that in the course of this transformation, they passed through the state of ruminating animals; but it is almost impossible, that this should not have taken place previous to acquiring the use of speech. Now our ruminating animals have the faculty of speech, and yet it seems cruel, and discordant, when the general benevolence of nature is considered, that possessing the highest faculties of men, they should still be subjected to this, in them, hideous, filthy, disgusting process of chewing the cud. This point may perhaps be elucidated hereafter by further researches.

The most infallible method of deciding on the real standing of a nation, is not the examination of a few meagre dates, but a comparison of its institutions, its monuments, its manners, with those of others.

How many leading circumstances are there, that place us on the exact parallel with the most ancient relations, and even conjectures of the primitive state of society. Philosophers have said, that before the formation of society, men roamed at large, independent of each other, that they gradually sacrificed a portion of their rights to obtain the security of government. Are we not at the first stages in this respect, and agreeing perfectly with the state of things in the earliest antiquity? the first beginnings of the arts were rude and imperfect, architecture, the most ancient of them all, was slow in its progress towards perfection. Are we not coeval with its first advances? do not our buildings plainly manifest, that they were erected when the principles of the art were yet unsettled? do we not behold Dorick columns with Corinthian proportions, and all the incongruities that accompany the origin of an art? The knowledge of figures was much posterior to that of letters, and though the use of the latter is generally known, the former is still in its infancy: men in a savage, primeval state can make long speeches, and yet are not able to count; for have we not lately seen a Convention,* the majority of which was so deplorably ignorant, that they could not tell what constituted five-ninths of a given number! It would be tiresome to exhibit all the illustrations that present themselves.

There is one monument among perhaps a thousand, that may be particularized. In the city of London, there is a stone placed against a wall, which is called *London stone.* It is supposed on solid

* Brunswick Convention.

grounds to be an ancient milliarium of the Romans, and it is presumed that it was previously a sacred stone of the Druids; there is therefore a tolerably clear history of this monument. Now there is in Boston, a quadrangular stone, called the *Boston stone*, of which nothing is known, its origin is lost in the night of time. It is of the granitick class, which are admitted by geologists to be the most ancient, if this stone then, primitive in every sense, is so ancient that its history is lost, and the *London stone*, is traced for two or three thousand years, is it not probable that this is vastly older, since nothing is known respecting it ? Would it not be harder than its own substance to deny this conclusion ? The rock itself is primitive, every vestige of its origin is forgotten, it has therefore existed from the creation of the world. The clearness of this reasoning can only be equalled by the following passage from the celebrated archbishop Bradwardine* in his admirable treatise in folio, *de natura causarum*, (page 853.) "*Quis enim negaverit necesse esse hac necessitate sequente, deum facere quicquid immediate fit ab ipso, sicut et hac necessitate omne quod est, quando est necesse est esse, et quod fit et factum est, fieri et factum esse, et deum velle sic esse.*"

* I have heard with great satisfaction from a friend who ascertained the fact, that the London folio edition of 1616, of this too much neglected author's valuable writings, *de causa Dei contra Pelagium et de natura causarum*, is in the Boston Athenæum. The young men who frequent that excellent institution will do well to study this volume, and they will regret that there is but one.

If it were possible, that a doubt could remain on this subject, do not the existence of our learned societies prove its absurdity. The *Historical Society of Massachusetts* has been formed more than twenty years, and has devoted itself constantly to collecting and investigating the antiquities of the country, on which it has published many volumes. Next came the *Historical Society of New-York*, which has been engaged for some years in the same pursuits. Still the field was too vast for the labourers; the *American Antiquarian Society* was established two years ago, and its location fixed at Worcester, because the road to New-York passes through that town. Now may it not be asked with confidence,—if the profound archaiologists who compose that society, would have formed their association after so many similar ones already existed, if the objects of its research were not inexhaustible, and this country the most ancient in the world?

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

From the North American Review, January, 1817.

SIR,

THERE are few books that have been more popular than the celebrated "Miseries of Human Life," by Mr. Beresford, because it gave an opportunity to the *wretched*, to see the calamities they endured, minutely described; a task which had never before been attempted, and which afforded them much solace. The efforts of succeeding philanthropists can only add to the catalogue, without ever making it complete. I enclose a slight tribute in this way, which will place two more on the list.

A misery in winter.—Being present at a great ball —having no great passion for dancing—the lady you would wish most to dance with, being away—after careful reconnoitering,—making up your mind to wear out the tediousness of the evening and to lead a particular lady to supper,—anticipating from her vivacity and brilliancy, one pleasant hour—in the mean time, being requested to take a hand, in order to complete a party at whist—having a partner whose temper is not even proof against the vicissi-

tudes of a game at cards—losing five points to a man whose income every hour is more than yours for a year—and who plays with such slow, hateful, inexorable prudence, that when you hasten away to retrieve the fortune of the evening—you find the supper has already commenced, the places all full—and the lady you like most, fairly seated by the man you like least, in the whole assembly!!

A misery in summer.—Making one of a party on the water—the finest month in the year being selected for the purpose—uncommon preparations having been made, the excursion is a matter of notoriety and almost of envy, among all your acquaintance—on the appointed day you set off, with the weather doubtful, and the doubt (not the weather) is cleared away, by its proving to blow the hardest gale of wind and the coldest weather that had been experienced within the memory of man, at that season—after lying at anchor all day and catching only a few sculpins, ———————— you esteem yourself very fortunate, by the great exertions of an excellent crew, to get under shelter of some island to pass the night; your male friends on shore, all laughing in their sleeve, and your female, trembling in their's; being obliged to worry out the night on a chair without sleeping, and without a book to read, while a half dozen of your companions are snoring in the small cabin around you in such tones, that they would be sent to the rear of an army which was meditating a surprize, if the enemy lay within three miles; next morning to be landed before sun-rise, cold,

cramped, sleepy, full of sea qualms, and when hastening home *incog.* at an hour when none but day-labourers should be stirring, to meet a person, who, from his weather-wise sagacity, had perfidiously pretended some inevitable, sudden engagement the day before, not to be of the party, out of whose way you meant to have kept for a week at least, and who inquires with an insidious grin, "What kind of a time have you had?"

EPIGRAM.

Lines addressed to ——— ———, Esq. Court-Square, who complained of the disadvantage of weak eyes in the profession of the law.

Weak eyes are best, be ruled by me,
To view the joyous omen right,
Since able lawyers, all agree,
Must often have the *fee*-blest sight.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF A FRIEND IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

From the North American Review, January, 1817.

——FOR THEE THE TEAR BE DULY SHED!

FRESH blew the breeze, and the wide swelling sail,
Impell'd the swift vessel that bore it above,
Which return'd to her home on the wings of the gale,
As if eager to meet the embraces of love.

All hie to the mart where her packets are given,
And hastily break the frail seals which they bear,
Politicians and merchants are equally driven,
To seek for events with the visage of care.

And I too—who reck'd not of Europe's relations,
And still less of Commerce, its losses or gain,
But who hop'd to receive from a far distant station,
Some news of a friend, long expected in vain—

Nor was I deceiv'd, when impatient at last,
That writing familiar which oft could beguile,
The tedious hours in chill solitude pass'd,
Excited at once its habitual smile.

The letter was open'd with pleasing emotion,
And secret delight that of her I should hear,
Who had long since excited my warmest devotion,
Devotion of friendship, as pure as sincere.

It told me of her—what a chill to the heart,
Was suddenly sent, by the first words I read;
It told me of her—what I dread to impart,
It told me, alas! that bright spirit had fled!

How crushing the blow which thus comes by surprise,
To friends afar off, who hear at one breath,
That all is completed!—at once to their eyes,
A blank void is shewn—no sound echoes but death.

When sickness invades, or when grief undermines,
Affection is slowly prepar'd for the blow,
Apprehension is calmed, while hope alternate shines,
And we slowly approach the infliction of wo.

But when far remote from the friends we have lov'd,
Whom we left mid the pleasures of youth and of health,
The sad tidings are brought us, that death has remov'd
The person we valu'd beyond the world's wealth:

No warning is given, no sickness is seen,
No funereal rites to impress on the heart,
That the fate which was hardly believ'd could have been,
Has sped its irrevocable, withering dart.

We imagine at times, 'tis some horrible dream,
And struggle, though vainly, the mind to persuade,
That the gloom intervening only should seem,
Of distance the veil, not of death the black shade.

And can it then be I shall ne'er see again,
One whom I ne'er saw except with delight;
That I never shall hear that enlivening strain,
Which was varied and soft as the songster of night?

Shall I ne'er again bask in the beam of that eye,
Which was brilliant and speaking, soul-thrilling, yet soft;
Ne'er breathe forth again the heart-issuing sigh,
Which thy ravishing smiles have caused me oft?

Is that exquisite person suffused with grace,
That mind where vivacity constantly shone;
That sparkling good nature which couch'd in thy face;
That feeling and taste which ne'er left thee alone:

Are these favours of heaven, these triumphs of art,
Which envious Fortune so vainly assail'd,
And more than all these, is the warmth of thy heart,
All quench'd in the grave to be deeply bewail'd?

If that land where I left thee no longer contains,
That form and that soul which I vainly regret,
If the dark ocean which now between us remains,
Is eternity's sea, ne'er retravers'd as yet?

Then farewell to thee! and the land that contain'd thee,
Farewell to the place where I lov'd thee so well,
Farewell to *the* castle—*the* garden—*the* city—
Dear angelick spirit! a solemn farewell!

A LETTER FROM

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

From the North American Review, March, 1817.

Sir,

I do not know whether my case be a very common one, or if its communication may be of much utility, yet, as a statement of it will cost me very little trouble, and will afford me some gratification, I shall place it at your disposal.—I reside in a distant county, owning a few hundred acres of land immediately about me; I am a magistrate, and on the days when the militia are trained, I wear a pair of epaulets: in short, sir, I am what would be called, in England, a country gentleman; but to prevent any mistakes, I will merely say, that I am your fellow citizen.

My wife and daughter easily persuaded me to pass two or three months in Boston, to see something of the bustle of life, and to give the latter a chance of mixing a little in fashionable society, to obtain that degree of ease, which is generally wanting in those who lead a life of seclusion. People who live in

towns, acquire by friction a degree of polish, which those who live wholly in the country can seldom attain; yet, the latter are composed of materials quite as susceptible of this quality, though it is apt to be obscured under an appearance of rusticity. I was glad, too, at an opportunity of meeting with some old acquaintances, and partaking of that hospitality, which is almost proverbial. That I have not been disappointed in my expectations of pleasure, may, perhaps, be inferred from the trifling complaints I have to make in this letter; but you must not think me querulous, and dissatisfied, if I find a little fault, which, after all, may be unreasonable; I do not mean to dictate a reform, or hardly to suggest an alteration.

Soon after my arrival, we were invited to "*a Ball*," the party was brilliant and the supper expensive and elegant. When the company were summoned to the table, the procession towards it was formed with more haste than ceremony; young men were eager only for precedence, and young girls heedlessly crowded before matrons, who were entitled to their homage. The places at supper were taken promiscuously, and, in many cases, the first should have been last and the last first. Now, sir, I do not wish to introduce that minute attention to rank and etiquette, with all the heart burnings, mortified pretensions, and ennui, which always accompany them, where they are servilely followed; I would as soon bring back the high-heeled shoes, stiff brocades and high toupees and cushions, in which they were formerly attired. Yet, it seems to me, that a little

order, a little deference to age and situation, where affectionate respect is repaid by courtesy and condescension, would add to the charm and good effects, which result from a moderate share of social gayety, in large refined assemblies.

My next topic is still more trifling. We received an invitation "*to take tea*" on a certain evening; my daughter's friends had told her, they had no doubt it was to be a dance, and she who is as fond of *getting possession of the floor* as a member of Congress, would not have compounded for six cotillons, and was dressed accordingly. It turned out to be one of those parties where the company, formed into groups, were insulated by constant circulation of ice creams, jellies, sweetmeats, fruit, wine, &c. &c. &c. which meandered about them all the evening. The next invitation was, "to take tea and pass the evening:" my wife and daughter said this was only a modification of the same thing, and the latter went in a costume not suited for dancing. Behold this was as much *a ball*, as if it had been so called at once; and my poor little girl was mortified at not being prepared for it. It will no doubt appear ridiculous to you, sir, that I should have felt such trifles as these; but allow me to say, without offence, that unless you are the father of a lovely interesting daughter, and an only one, you are no judge of the subject.—Why not call things by their right names? *un chat un chat*; —but even fashion must have its technical mysteries.

In former times these balls were under the direction of very efficient masters of ceremonies; but as there is no longer any ceremony, I suppose it has

been found inexpedient to keep up a sinecure. These masters of ceremonies, however, answered a very good purpose. The office, though of short duration, was an arduous one, and often required more firmness, skill, and watchfulness, than many civil ones of high import. A crowd or mob of superior people is always more unreasonable and difficult to manage, than a mob in the streets. A master of ceremonies in those days, had to controul the forwardness of youth, and counteract nature, caprice and pride, by equalising the attentions of the men and the enjoyments of the ladies, while in the dancing room, and marshalling them in something like order, in the supper room. The consequence was, that if some ladies danced more than others, all who wished to dance had an opportunity. I do not make these remarks to avenge my daughter's cause: no, sir, she is one who gains by the license, she dances too well ever to be allowed to sit still, except she prefers it. But I have seen some ladies the victims of neglect in this way, who would not have been suffered to be so formerly. In these parties there must be constant exertion, on the part of the master of the ceremonies, to prevent usurpation, and to force, if necessary, those sacrifices from individuals, which are demanded for the general enjoyment. Both sexes require this controul. I recollect one of the most accomplished gentlemen in this office, which any country could ever boast of, asking some ladies who were opposing themselves to the regulations of the evening, at a splendid ball, "if they thought they came there for their own amusement?"

The days are passed, sir, when such a question as this could be asked, or even comprehended, but it is full of meaning; and alas! many other things have passed away also.—Another reason for having efficient masters of ceremonies would be, humanity to some of the gentlemen. A moderate plodding man, whose movements seem to have been learnt, like those of a bear, by having been taught on a heated floor; such a dancer might consult the director of the evening about a partner suited to him; for want of this, no doubt, I have seen some poor fellows who followed their skipping, flying partners in a cotillon, in a manner that recalled to mind that line of Johnson, speaking of Shakspeare, where he says,

> And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

I have seen such disproportionate couples in this way, as could only be compared to the German fable of the luckless ox, who had nearly lost his life in being yoked with Pegasus.

The next complaint is on my own account. I was invited to "*a symposiack*;" my idea of the nature of this party was very indistinct, my wife and daughter were equally at a loss. On the appointed evening my wife, whose imagination is singularly active, and will sometimes in consequence have her timidity very ludicrously excited, proposed to me, that I should accompany them to the theatre; I saw her drift, and that she did not feel perfectly easy on the score of this party. I smiled, and told her, I was resolved to find out what it was. On entering the

room, I found several individuals, distinguished for their pursuit of science and literature. The materials were good, but it went off heavily, and I found myself obliged to be on my guard against yawning. At supper I engaged in conversation with a gentleman along side of me. Thirty years ago, I went, in regular course, through the mathematics, metaphysics and the Classics, and obtained the usual literary degrees. I have, however, no pretensions to learning, and have, for many years, attended more to its results, than its forms. Having made some remark to my neighbour, who, though a metaphysician, was a very pleasant man; he began in the Socratic form, and having had the simplicity to answer his questions, I found, before I was aware of it, that he had treacherously caught me in a net, where I was too much enthralled to extricate myself. In this situation, a strange pedant, opposite, pelted me with a shower of hard words, every one of which left a contusion. I made my escape as soon as I could, and on getting home, the moment I entered the room, my daughter sprang to meet me, "well, dear Father, what kind of a party was it?" My wife bid her not be so impatient, and, in the same breath, said, "come, what was this party?"—I told my child to get the dictionary. "The Dictionary! well we never thought of that, but I don't believe there is any such word in the *English* Dictionary."—She read me the explanation, "*Symposiack, relating to merry making!*"—I told them the story, and resolved never to go to another.

SKETCH OF

AN INCURSION INTO THE OLD COLONY.*

A PARTY of four gentlemen, labouring under a temporary satiety of State-street, the Athenæum, wedding visits and the mill-dam, projected an incursion to the old colony for a change of scene. To speak strictly, two of them were *individuals*; the other two are under engagements, which by all laws, human and divine, constitute them what a metaphysician would term, mixed essences. This slight difference of condition modified their judgment of the objects which fell under their observation, in such a moderate degree as to produce a more just appreciation of them. The following is a hasty sketch of the general result of their observations, put down to relieve the ennui of those who are suffering at home, without energy to make a similar effort.

* This tour was first published in the Boston Daily Advertiser. It was begun as a kind of jest while the party were chatting in the parlour of the inn at Sandwich, and without any view to such a serious operation as printing. It was voted however, to have it finished and published. The notes are now added to it.

Oct. 12.—Left Boston for Plymouth—a fresh N. W. wind and transparent atmosphere. At Quincy had the honour of bowing to the venerable President Adams, who was walking half a mile from home, with a firm step, and without any attendant. It may be safely affirmed, that in no country of the world, could a traveller at this moment meet with a man of the same eminence and the same age—and if such an individual should be found, the same simplicity would in vain be sought for. No other event happened on the road to Plymouth worth noticing, except one of the gentlemen driving off from the halfway house, supposing his companion to have walked on, and giving him a walk of six miles, a match against time, before he could overtake him. This was an error of judgment, which in the individual who made it, was an exception to a general rule.

At Plymouth, to our great dismay, we found the Supreme Court in session; and of course, the numbers which on these occasions invade a small county town, leave the chance of a comfortable lodging very slight. However, we obtained the great desideratum of three single bedded rooms, and decided by lot who should be the victim of a double one. In the evening, found the usual assortment of clients and lawyers, some with too much and some with too little business. A cause had just been decided about the warranty of a horse, which had lasted a day and a half, and astonished the laity with a display of professional ingenuity. One of these spectators seemed anxious to give us the history of the case, and made several leading observations with that design, but our

sullen want of curiosity thwarted him. The Convention was the principal topic of conversation—and, to our surprise, some interest about it was expressed. Though a little incredulous at first, we were convinced that at least four or five persons in this county had read all the numbers of B. G., B. G., jr. and B. G. ter.

13*th.*—Walked after breakfast to survey the town, which has fewer marks of antiquity than could be expected; none of the buildings go back to even the third generation of the colony. Plymouth is a respectable village built on the side of a hill that rises rather steeply from the harbour, the summit of which may be about 150 feet above it, and is occupied as a burial place, where the forefathers and their descendants repose together. It contains several handsome houses, and the people derive their support from the fisheries, foreign commerce and manufactures. A substantial stone gaol has just been completed, which the wants of the county fortunately do not require to be of large dimensions, and a new Court House of brick and stone is now erecting, which it is said will be the best in the state. Their manufactories are on a small stream that flows through the town, and consist of a very extensive one for nails, another for shovels and spades, one for anchors, and one for cotton. Their fishery this year has done well; the vessels to the streights of Bellisle, made great fares—those to the banks less.—The mackerel fishery has been about an average one—a vessel caught one hundred barrels in eight days. The opening in the beach has been stopped,

and the sand is beginning to collect over it. Their foreign commerce is small; one vessel has just arrived with a cargo of Salt from St. Ubes, and another had just discharged a cargo of Iron from Russia—half a dozen coasting and fishing vessels comprised the remainder of the navigation in port. The sea-view from the burial ground is extensive; the principal objects are Monumet point and highlands on the right—the long sandy beach that forms the harbour, which is far from being of the first class, in front—Duxbury and Captain's Hill on the left, with the termination of Duxbury beach called the Gurnet, and its two light houses.

We walked down to *the rock*, which stands imbedded in a wharf near the edge of the high water line. A part of it, weighing three or four tons, was broken off and carried to the Market House in the centre of the town—the surface of the remaining part is flat and about six feet in diameter. The piece that was carried to the market house has been whitewashed, a mark of respect that the mineralogist would feel very sensibly. The forefathers' rock, as it is called, is now visited by hundreds every year, as it will be by thousands in all succeeding time. On this rock the passengers of the *May Flower* landed on the 22d of December, 1620. What debarkation in the world ever was attended with such momentous and beneficent consequences, as followed that of the few English gentlemen and yeomen, who then landed with their families on this barren, inclement spot! They persevered with heroic constancy: they grew apace, and they laid the foundation for the slow

and certain growth of "the manners, principles, and feelings" which led to the American revolution, founded our republic on the broadest and noblest foundations of justice, and perfected the system of representation. Representation is now the cry and claim of every nation; and they will have it, though after many a scene of blood and crime. A commemoration of this landing is annually celebrated by a discourse, a dinner and ball.—Next December, is a jubilee, the completion of a second century, and great expectations are entertained of the orator on this occasion, which we may be certain will not be disappointed.*

Our next visit was to the Register's office, where we saw the early records of the Plymouth Colony, amounting to about twenty volumes. They were

* Without pretending to define the exact degree of skill required to make this prediction, it need only be said that it was completely fulfilled. A very large audience were highly gratified by the discourse of Mr. Webster, and the most competent judges agreed, that so powerful an effect had rarely been produced by any oration in this country. The little town of Plymouth was never so animated before, being crowded with visitors from the capital, and from all the neighbouring counties. A public Dinner and Ball were given in very handsome style, at which about 600 persons were present. The guests on the occasion of this Jubilee all wrote their names on a parchment deposited in the archieves of the Pilgrim Society. It would be an extraordinary chance indeed, if one of these signers should survive to the next centennial festival. If some of the forefathers could have peeped in upon this crowded assembly, where so much fashion and elegance were collected, they would have wondered and perhaps frowned, at the progress of luxury among their posterity.

last year put in fine order at the expense of the state, under the care of a committee of gentlemen, and are now rescued from their perishing condition. For this service the public are much indebted to the Rev. Dr. Freeman. These records are civil, judicial, religious, economical, &c. journals of marriages, deaths, &c. They offer many curious, minute and most authentic details. The founders of our nation were neither suckled by a wolf, nor leaders of banditti: but they were nurtured under the sternest adversity, and always governed by the severest principles of morality. There is nothing fabulous about them. Their whole conduct was open, known, recorded. With what reverence will after ages trace back the long stream of empire to these its primitive sources! to which they may recur by retracing the rivulet of history to its fountain heads. Some of these records which related to civil and judicial acts were copied, and the copies placed in the Secretary of State's office. The originals are all in the charge of the Register of Deeds for the County. It is worthy of remark that this office has been in the family of the present incumbent 116 years. His father and grandfather held it before him, and the place is bestowed by popular election.

After paying our homage to the antiquities of the place, we set out for Sandwich, a distance of sixteen miles, and to be candid, not a very interesting ride. The road lies chiefly though woods, and is in many places a deep sand. The *Sacrifice rocks*, covered by dry sticks by the Indians, who never pass them without an offering of this kind, the remnant of some

unknown superstition, and one or two ponds, are the only objects to attract attention—unless the traveller will follow our example and climb the high lands of Monumet, at the first stopping place, about seven miles from Plymouth—from thence he will have a wide reach over the Plymouth and Sandwich forests, and a most commanding one of Barnstable bay, to the extremity of Race point, and will perceive in what a remarkable way Cape Cod partly encircles it. There is another very picturesque view of the sea near Ellis's, five miles from Sandwich. The whole scenery at this spot is of a romantic cast. It is proposed to make a turnpike from Plymouth to Sandwich—it can be done at a small expense. The distance will be shortened four miles, the road will be smooth and hard, instead of deep sand, and it will be more agreeable by passing near several fine ponds.

We reached Sandwich in the afternoon, and gave a brief order for dinner—"every thing there was in the house"—having a most esurient longing, worthy of a municipality, for the good things of this region of game. The next order was to send for John *Trout*, to engage him during our stay. This second name, like that of Scipio *Africanus*, is the reward of the most distinguished services. His piscatory exploits and minute knowledge of all the haunts, habits and connexions of some of our most valuable fishes, entitle him to the honour of a distinguished place among the Icthyologists in the New-York Academy, and we hope this hint will fall under their notice. John is in fact a man of so much renown, that those who have

never heard of him would do well to conceal their misfortune, for to any luckless inquirer he will or might say,

> Not to know me argues yourself unknown;
> The meanest of your tribe.

His skill and alacrity were shewn in some very fine trout, that graced our breakfast table the next morning.

14*th*.—This was one of those exquisite days, of vernal softness and autumnal ripeness harmoniously blended, when the scattered clouds that were floating under the mildest cerulean sky, we might almost fancy to be the vehicles that were bearing about the spirits of the blest, high above this nether world of strife, conventions and cattle shows—one of those days, in short, in which every feeling mind would bless the memory of our forefathers, for having landed here.—It were to be wished we had more of them. We proceeded together, John as an outrider, to "Deacon Nye's brook," about five miles from Sandwich village on the road to Barnstable. Here under the auspices of John, *auspice Teucro*, one of the party commenced snipe shooting and the other trout catching. The other two continued on, one of them to make a call at Great Marshes, and the other to visit Barnstable, where he had never been before, and which he found very little changed.* Great Marshes is a fertile spot where the Otis

* There are all kinds of readers. One of the *reflecting* class objected to this passage as being a bull. Another regretted the mistake of calling Mr. Watson an "old-tory!"

family have continued for five generations, and where the celebrated patriot *James Otis* was born. From one of the family, we were obligingly furnished with a few documents for the Historical Society. One of these we copy as very characteristic of the feelings that were excited on a most memorable occasion; one of the few battles where human blood has not been shed in vain, and where the blood of patriots became the seed of liberty. It is dictated in haste, and under the impulse of the moment, and was written by the late W. Watson of Plymouth to Col. Freeman of Sandwich, and endorsed on the outside, "please to forward this to Col. Otis of Barnstable, after Col. Freeman has read it."

PLYMOUTH, APRIL 24, 1775.

DEAR COL. FREEMAN.—I congratulate you and our good Friends at Sandwich, on the grandest event that ever took place in America, I mean the late battle at Concord *et cæteris*. That 7 hundred poor, despised yankeys (I glory in the name) should have put to flight and totally defeated 17 hundred of Lord North's best picked Troops, consisting of Grenadiers and Earl Percy's Regiment of Welch Fusileers, are circumstances deeply mortifying to those who thought themselves invincible. One of our Kingston Friends was at Boston when the Vanquished Troops returned, and was at the Ferry when they were brought over, who says that he cannot express the mortification, the disappointment and the chagrin that appeared in their countenances—cart loads of wounded hurried to the hospital (many of whom are since dead,) their

mouths belching out curses and execrations, the particulars are too many to enumerate. We have disarmed our torys and they are in a most melancholy situation, and are begging and sueing for reconciliation on any terms. We are in high spirits and dont think it is in the power of all Europe to subjugate us, for it is evident that the God of Hosts has declared in our favour, and to this God let us ascribe all the glory and all the praise. The poor wicked Mandamus gentry are fled to the ships, and to what can they fly to next.—I am sure they have not a good conscience to fly to; I wish them future happiness, but I cannot in conscience wish them much good in this life. I sincerely wish and most heartily pray that a proper sense of this very remarkable interposition of Providence in our favour may have a proper effect on the minds of a much injured and greatly insulted people. Ned Winslow was in the action and had his horse shot under him. George Leonard we hear is killed, and Billy Coffin's son who lived with the infamous P. Sewall died of his wound soon after action under a stone wall. Vengeance belongeth unto God.

I am, Sir, with much esteem and most sincere affection, your humble Servant, in great haste.

W. WATSON.*

* The hearsays given at the close of this letter about certain individuals, were mistakes, natural enough amidst the multiplied and agitating rumours of the moment. But the letter shews in a very lively manner, with what intense and anxious interest that great crisis was regarded, and of what vast moment it was in the skirmish at Lexington, that troops who were held to be not only invincible but almost invulnerable, should be harrassed

In the troublous times which preceded the present millennium, the writer of the above letter was turned out of office, by President Jefferson, for being an "old tory!"

We dined at four on the proceeds of the day's sport, aided with a few supplementary dishes, of which it is only necessary to particularize tortaug, and Sandwich mutton.—This latter is worthy of all praise; it resembles exactly the mutton of "the Downs of Britain," considered the finest on the island "of that ilk." Suffice it to say that a gastrologer would devour it, a gastronomer enjoy it, and a gastrophilist appreciate it. John very candidly said that trout were now out of season; the best months for them are May and June. He agreed that the trout of Coatuit were among the best, but then "the natives," (he rhymed them with knives) "were great poachers in that stream," (their own domain!) Before we dismiss the meritorious John, a piece of his reasoning may be recorded, that partakes a little of the raciness of his Hibernian origin. When asking him what was due for his services, merely to ascertain the fact, with no paltry, trading notions of cavilling about the price—this would not have done with one of his lofty pursuits, the occupation of the privileged ones of the earth—he told us, "his wages were a dollar and a quarter a day; that was the

and foiled in the first action of the long conflict that was to ensue. The philosophic historian in after times would be glad to find a document so expressive of the sympathy of the citizens at the crisis of commencing a hazardous contest, whose consequences were, are, and will be, so momentous.

price when grain was two dollars a bushel, and it was the same now it was half a dollar, he made no difference."

15*th Sunday.*—We went over to the Massapee Indian meeting-house, which is situated in the midst of the forest near Coatuit brook. The Rev. Mr. Fish has the present charge of this mission, and the living is the best in the county. The congregation is motley in regard to complexion. The pulpit and four pews occupy one side of the house, a gallery is opposite to them, and the rest of the building is divided into body seats, in which according to the old fashion, the men sit on one side the women on the other. Unaware of this, and entering after prayer had begun, we took the female side, but the deacon came down and very courteously apprised us of our mistake, which we immediately rectified. Five or six of the upper seats on each side are appropriated to the tribe, the remainder to the people called whites, whatever may be the shade of their skin. The day was lowering, and at times rainy—the whole congregation therefore did not exceed sixty. Of these, eighteen were people of colour, in one third of which, African, and in the remainder Indian blood prevailed. One of the deacons is black. In the two pews to the right of the pulpit there was a man and woman of Indian physiognomy, who would have excited attention any where. The sermon was sensible, mixing up the necessity of faith and works in discreet proportions. The tribe now consists of a hundred families; the men are mostly employed as sailors from Nantucket and New Bed-

ford in the whale fishery. Each family cultivates a small spot, their right to which is prescriptive. The whole of their lands are held in common.—Fish of various kinds, and particularly shell-fish, form their principal food. Their meeting-house is surrounded by a burying-ground, over a considerable part of which the trees have grown to a full size. We observed only two grave-stones with inscriptions, one to "Flora, a faithful servant of Mr. Hawley," the late missionary, and the other to Deacon Popmunnet who died in 1771.—This celebrated family of the Popmunnets or Popmonnets is now we believe extinct.—The people of this tribe dress like the whites and use their language. They reside many of them about Massapee pond—one of the most extensive and perhaps the most beautiful, of the lakes in this state.

16th.—A violent easterly gale accompanied with excessive rain. Sandwich is one of the most pleasing villages in Massachusetts.—In the centre of it there is a mill-pond, which forms a fine sheet of water and turns two rustic mills. Two meeting-houses, an academy and several dwelling houses are placed on its borders. The inns in Sandwich are excellent and the charges moderate. To persons fond of fishing, shooting, or riding, it offers greater resources than any other spot in this country. Snipes, plovers, quails and partridges are abundant; and the deer are multiplying since the law that was passed a few years ago for their protection. Coatuit, Wanquoit, Monumet and fifty other brooks are full of the finest trout, and the ponds, which are very numerous,

abound in perch, &c. Both bays are full of sea fish, and in Buzzard's bay, oysters and other kinds of shell-fish are very plenty. The roads through the woods towards the Vineyard Sound are excellent, and offer the means of many pleasant excursions. Towards evening we rode down to the beach, at the point where the different surveys have marked the entrance of the canal, which will be about seven miles in length through a level district. The tides from the two bays flow to within four miles of each other.—Barnstable bay is one of the cleanest and most regular bays in the world, entirely free from rocks or shoals. We looked on the beach for shells, but found only three or four common kinds. Its principal produce is paving-stones for the streets of Boston—a great many cargoes of wood are also annually shipped from Sandwich.

The aspect of the country below Plymouth differs from that of the rest of the state.—There is a district of nearly twenty miles square that is chiefly covered with wood, for the growth of which it is more valuable than for any other purpose. Thousands of cords are annually exported to various towns in Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, &c. Some parts of Sandwich resemble districts in Surry and Sussex in England. As you proceed down the Cape, the sand becomes more predominant. But here and there spots of the finest land can be found. The people are hardy and enterprising; farmers, fishermen, ship-builders and seamen, and sometimes the same individual follows these employments successively. Their population is stationary—but they send off

numerous recruits to other districts. The State of Maine owes most of its inhabitants originally to the Cape. You may see a good deal of poor land, but very few poor men. The whole appearance of the population is solid, substantial and comfortable.

17*th*.—A cloudy morning—We could say much of the kindness and good will of our host, Capt. Swift and his wife, but it is not necessary. We obliqued to the South on our return home. On the borders of Wareham met a man with his gun, waiting for deer. He had sent his dog in and was waiting for the deer to pass—this is the common practice in hunting them as the covers are very close. If the deer could have seen this man's phiz, it would have startled him more effectually than the dog. Our route lay along Buzzard's Bay, through Wareham and Rochester, thence to Middleborough and Bridgewater. During this route we passed many small streams and ponds, on several of which, are Cotton Manufactories and Iron works.—At Wareham 8 or 10 vessels were taking in wood, or discharging iron ore. This ore is brought from New-Jersey, and then carted from hence to various iron works in this vicinity. Before leaving the sea shore, we must make one remark as to the relative size of our territory.—Some persons feel abashed when they see the territorial extent of some of the States, and compare it with the small superficies of Massachusetts; but to get at a just calculation, they ought to add triple the amount of land from the surrounding sea.—There are acres in this sea which produce annually five times as much as the richest fields in

the South and the West,* and the population floating about on it, is greater than their's to the square mile, and the property in the vessels greater than their's in houses. One must visit closely all the sinuosities of our coast, to understand the activity, enterprize and wealth in which they abound; the neighbouring sea is part of our domain—we have furrowed it so constantly, that we may claim it as much as any ploughed field, and we derive more from it than any field can produce. I say nothing of the character of a population, that has the sea open to them, compared with one pent up in the interior of a continent. Tastes often depend on locality; we should not like to live in a society, that was not ventilated by the sea breeze.

Our ride this day was for five or six miles, along the Assawampset pond in Middleborough, presenting many beautiful views. It was on the borders of this pond, that the friendly Indian Sausaman was assassinated by order of King Philip; which murder was a prelude to the war, that ended in the destruction of that celebrated chieftain and the ruin of his tribe. We came to Bridgewater to sleep at Pratt's inn, an excellent house which we recommend to all travellers, who wish to meet with neatness, good fare, civility and kind treatment; but a new and unexpected disaster awaited us: Nothing less than a village dance of twenty couples. They had come

* The acres alluded to, are those, where a plummet can hardly reach the bottom without striking a fish. Fisher Ames said, that "every cod-fish drawn up had a pistareen in his mouth."

from a neighbouring town, began to dance at four in the afternoon, and danced till four in the morning. Strange that, in one short week, we should thus have been discomfited both by Themis and Terpsichore. However, a moment's reflection made us submit to this last mishap with cheerfulness. Our country towns are too much infested with cant, and gloom, and fanaticism. The spirits and blood are curdled and gangrened by them. Youth requires amusement, and when this can be united with healthy and graceful exercise, it is doubly advantageous. A little more of innocent gayety would help to develope their faculties, produce more vigorous health, and animate them to the discharge of all their duties. With these reflections, we willingly gave up a night's rest to the good of the commonwealth.

18*th*.—A North-East wind, bearing on its dingy wings a soaking mist, directly in our faces. It was precisely one of the cases, in which a wit in this vicinity observed, that whatever the law might hold, he considered it very different to *face it per alium*, rather than to *face it per se*.* The ride from Bridgewater through Stoughton, Randolph, Milton and Dorchester, is a very pleasing one. The road lies through the notch of the Blue-Hills; the country is

* This legal pun, was made by a gentleman recently deceased, the late Hon. Timothy Bigelow of Medford, after being exposed to a biting North-West wind during a long ride, in a very inclement winter day. This gentleman was known to the public, for the many civil offices he had usefully filled; and will be long remembered by his acquaintance for his stores of humour and anecdote.

a fine one, and in an improving condition. We observed some solid, stone houses recently built. Some of the views on this road are picturesque and romantic. We advise every one to try it in a fair day. If such had been our fate, we should have had much more to say—it is therefore lucky it was not. The month of October has been very shabby this year. But this moon came of a Saturday—we were told how it would be. Let travellers beware of a Saturday's moon. We reached the capital well satisfied.

Bostonium longæ finis chartæque viæque est.

SECRET CAUSES

OF THE

AMERICAN AND FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.

A WISH to acquire the German language, combined with other motives, induced me a few years since, to reside for a considerable period, in a German town between the Elbe and the Rhine. This city, like almost every other in that book-producing country, had its circle of literary men and authors: a suitable introduction procured me admission to a club of these gentlemen, who assembled regularly once a week, and some of whom fell into company with each other almost every day. In this circle were two or three romance writers and dramatists, but the greater number was made up of those literary confectioners, who preserve a small kernel in such a mass of paste and sugar, that all its flavour and proportions are completely lost in the cumbrous envelope; in short, without a figure, the society contained some of the most formidable commentators in all Deutchland.

I was often at a loss in our meetings, when they were engaged in their favorite pursuit of embalming some particular passage in an ancient classic; which, after being completely embowelled, and drugged and swathed, bore as little resemblance to the animation of the original, as an Egyptian mummy to the person it was intended to perpetuate. On these occasions I had recourse to smoaking, an accomplishment I attained even quicker than the language, and being provided with a beautiful pipe of *ecume de mer*, an exchange of tokens with my friend the Graf von Fumendorf, I speedily enveloped myself in a cloud, and in this secure situation, heedless of all the crabbed words and Babel din around me, began at once some castle in the air, my pipe serving all the purposes of the wonderful lamp, and transporting me and my edifices, with as much rapidity, as it did the palace of Aladdin: if at these moments my friends had been on the lookout, they might have often seen their shadows, sweeping over the place where I am now writing.

The town offered no great resources, I was therefore glad to be an honorary member of this club, where if the subjects of discussion became too abstruse, I could seat myself in one corner unnoticed. Another consideration induced me to attend its meetings, one of the most zealous members, with whom it would have been almost an offence to have lightly valued the privilege of admission, had a family which pleased me, where I was allowed to visit at my ease. He was himself a worthy, agreeable man, when taken out of his pedantic course of

conversation. He had a sister of nearly his own age, which was the upper side of fifty. Her figure approached the Doric proportion, as that allows five diameters of the column for its height, though nature had given her person, only one and a quarter. She had resolved to lead a single life, and "this resolution made the happiness of some unknown individual;" but though she had declined a *duet obligato* for life, she was still very fond of music, and pursued it as indefatigably, as her brother did his exegetical studies. A sonata of an hour's length had no terrors for her, and if it was only difficult, she cared not how long it was. Woelfe appeared at times to please her, as much as Haydn, or Mozart: yet when she descended from the higher abstractions of the science, she could display a delicate taste and true sensibility for what was intrinsically beautiful. This lady was besides anxious to know how the world went on, and had a friend at the Courts of Vienna and Weimar, whose punctual correspondence furnished her with abundance of anecdote, which she imparted with discreet liberality. She had for her companion a niece, who was a most delightful German specimen. With much candour and simplicity, she possessed a great deal of mild enthusiasm, that excited a tranquil and gentle kind of pleasure, without any dread of that deep and dangerous contagion, which the same quality is apt to create in southern Italy. Her tastes were extremely national, she could waltz for hours together without being dizzy; believed the sorrows of Werter a much finer production than Gil Blas, and doubtless

now prefers the novels of Auguste La Fontaine, to Guy Mannering and the Tales of my Landlord. Her accent was the purest and softest Saxon, and Carracioli who would not learn the German, because he could not speak it of a Sunday, without violating the fourth commandment, would have given up his prejudice, if he had heard her lisp all its sweetness, inferior only to his own Italian. Beneath a fair forehead, and the flaxen locks which clustered over it in beautiful ringlets, her eyes beamed full of artless, genial expression, and they were covered with eyelids of such soft and lucid beauty, that when closed, they only softened the rays that traversed them, operating like the globe of a moonlight lamp, —but these eyes neither were, nor are, any thing to me, *integer laudo.*

Such were the three persons, who composed the family in which I was most intimate; but there was another individual who though only a guest like myself, formed almost a part of it. This personage was a French emigrant, an ultra royalist with the manners of the old school, under which however, he possessed a good deal of originality. He made the campaigns of our revolutionary war, as Major of the Regiment of Soissonois; of which ancient corps the only vestige now existing, if the expression may be permitted, is the uniform of our Boston Cadets, which was copied from that of this regiment. Unlike most persons of his political opinions, he felt no bitterness against a country, to whose independence, many politicians attributed the subsequent convulsions of Europe. On the contrary, like a certain

fleeting Emperor,* he loved the Americans, though after a different manner; and this partiality, joined to his local knowledge of my country, the common condition of being strangers, and our equal dislike of endless grammarians and commentators, made us sympathise together. Indeed we formed an example to prove, how completely men with good feelings and good manners may harmonize, though cherishing very different principles. My friend the Viscount de C—, though he could not shew proofs of sixteen quarters, or boast of having one of the "historical names" of France, was yet a gentleman of ancient family, which had retained this title more than two centuries; he was a rigid royalist, I was a stern republican; he was extremely irritable and sometimes strongly excited by trifles, while I thought there were few things in this world worth getting into a passion about. We were both victims of the ordinary discussions of the club before mentioned; but instead of my consolation of smoaking, the Viscount went soundly to sleep, amidst the wreck of nouns and verbs. In the family where we daily visited, there was no rivalship; while I was admiring Christina's eyes, and vainly trying to imitate her soft Saxon accents, she all the while embroidering muslin, for Arachne herself was not more indefatigable, and occasionally smiling at my ridiculous mistakes; the Viscount was accompanying the aunt, with his violin through one of those interminable, German Sonatas, interrupted once in a while by some discussion about time, or the fingering of a

* *Fuit!*—He must be judged by posterity.

passage. They were both unrelenting musicians, and he had many strange whims connected with Music, some of which it is my purpose to relate.

The members of our society could vie with almost any other in Germany, in the quantity of their products; and every fair at Leipsic was enriched by their labours. In the course of the year, in which I became acquainted with them, they had produced a commentary on Silius Italicus in a thick octavo; illustrations of Pacuvius in two duodecimos; a quarto on the Phenician language, which was as thick as it was square, closely resembling the authors head in this particular; and two or three small pamphlets, to clear some supposed doubts on a passage in the second Georgic. But as Virgil dipped his pen in the purest fount of Castalia, the passage remained clear, in spite of their explanations. Twice a year they had a relaxation from these severer toils, and then, one meeting of the club was devoted to lighter occupations. The Viscount and myself were invited to join in the first occasion of this kind that occurred, after we had been introduced to them, when they had decided to have a *pic nic*, for which every member was to bring an adverb.

This festal meeting recalled to mind, Horne Tooke's reason for writing his *Diversions of Purley*, "that he had nearly fallen a victim to one conjunction and two prepositions;" and I did not know what my fate might be, in this shock of adverbs. Resolved however, to fall with arms in my hand, I selected that beautiful compound from the Pequod language, that has given so much delight to all our voluptuaries in philology—*Owhatsillininniesdullpedantsare*

This though not the longest in that primitive tongue, now it may be feared irrecoverably lost, is still sufficiently striking in its composition, to admit of many ingenious remarks and inferences, and I had prepared myself to explain it, in the best manner I was able.

I still felt some anxiety about the Viscount, who had as little relish as myself, for the ordinary pursuits of the club, and who smiled sarcastically at the idea of the amusement, selected for the *pic nic*. I inquired of him what he intended to bring forward, whether he had gone to the languages of *Oc* or *Oil*, or taken some particle from their living descendants. He said, he should not give into any such folly, that he was tired with this eternal cavilling at words, that were perfectly innocent and praiseworthy, till they fell into the hands of commentators; that he would shew them a better example, and that it was high time they should give up this persecution of words, and turn their attention to things. I suggested to him the great utility of their learned labours. Eh morbleu! said he, what do you talk to me about utility! look at one of these fine books they produce, no text, all notes, looking like a box of pins, or fishhooks, thrown together, you cannot take hold of them without a guantlet of mail: These charming works of theirs, resemble a country that should be covered with stone walls, or thorn hedges stuck closely together, without a single patch of smooth meadow to be seen.—I do injustice to his figures in my translation, for he was as full of quaintness, as vivacity. I wished to keep him from

being irritated lest he might offend our friends and said; but my dear Viscount, if you have not a taste for these studies, you know they are favourite ones in Germany; and though you and I want from Fame only a life annuity, yet these gentlemen labour for immortality—O yes truly, a fine immortality! they first disguise their uncouth, gothic names under a latin termination, *Donderheadibus*, *Thickscullingius*, looking like strolling players in tawdry, regal costumes; and then write a book that nobody can read, that it may be stuck on the shelves of a library, and taken down once a year, to be dusted.—These same books owing their escape from the worms, only to being such a jumble of all languages, that no worms can penetrate them; because look you, a worm that has been used to feeding on Greek, can hardly get through two leaves before he is choaked with a Hebrew or Arabic term; and another that has been brought up on Latin, dies of an indigestion of German; while a third who has been nourished with French, pines away before he gets through a vein of English. No their works are only indestructible, because they are indigestible—I tried in vain to learn what he intended to do—all I could obtain from him was—"You will see!"

The evening came, and I never attended the club with so strong a feeling of curiosity. The courtesy of the members assigned to their guests, the privilege of reading first, and my deferring to the Viscount would have been a matter of inclination, if his age had not made it one of course. We were all attention, when this ultra royalist drew from his

pocket a Manuscript, which was nothing short of a volume. I gave an involuntary sigh, at the appearance of this paper, and was convinced my adverb would not see the lamp that evening. The club however, were not men to take alarm at the length of any work, and their countenances lighted up with a mixture of surprise and expectation. Having fixed himself in an easy position at the table, and adjusted his spectacles, the author before commencing his paper, observed to the club; "that he knew nothing about adverbs, that without denying the importance of discussions he did not understand, he had listened profoundly to their speculations; (I have before said he always went to sleep,) that he had taken up a subject of far different consequence than the insignificant parts of speech, and he claimed their attention to a matter which had occupied his most serious reflection for a long period; and the facts in relation to it, were derived from a wide experience of nearly forty years. He added, that the paper he should then have the honour of reading, was a memoir, on the influence of music in ancient and modern times; in the course of which, he should shew incontrovertibly, that the American and French revolutions, were owing to the use and abuse of Music in their respective countries." I was lost in doubt whether I had heard him right, while the members of the society, with two or three exceptions, seemed very cheerfully to resign their exploits among the indeclinables, for that evening.

This memoir began with the origin of music, he commenced with the Egyptian, Linus, enlarged on

the adventures of Orpheus and Amphion ; and when he got into the tomb of Osymandyas, I did not know whether we should ever see any thing more than his ghost again. After narrating how the Arcadians were first civilized by music, and getting through what most persons consider its fabulous era, he fell into more precise definitions, facts and inferences. He dwelt upon the Chromatic, Diatonic, and Enharmonic modes, he described the various sects of the Agenorians, Epigonians, Eratoclians, &c. and concluded with a more particular account of the two great musical parties of Greece, the Pythagoreans, and Aristoxenians. He demonstrated the fatal consequences, that followed from the alteration, which Polymnestes made in the strings of his harp ; enlarged on the mischievous tendency of the Dithyrambics, and justly stigmatized the Ionians, on the authority of the principal philosophers of Greece, as being the great corrupters of music ; laying great stress on the remarks of Anaxilas, that music like Lybia annually produced some new monster, which he said was emphatically true of our own times, at least with regard to the music, whose power of production in this way was inexhaustible. He cited the testimony of Aristotle, who shewed how the corruption of music had immediately engendered that of dancing, and the experience of our own unhappy times had illustrated in the strongest manner the common axiom, that like causes will produce like effects.—He took many passages from both Plutarch and Plato to shew, that the decay of music entailed the ruin of Greece, more certainly than the arms and intrigues of Philip ; and dwelt

on the sublime wisdom of Plato, who thought the fate of Greece would be secure, if Athens should banish forever the plaintive accents of the Lydian, the effeminacy of the Ionian, and retain only the energy of the Dorian, and the peaceful, religious character of the Phrygian. He said but little about the Romans, whom he considered comparatively barbarians; every thing they possessed of the arts was borrowed from the Greeks, and they had no original music except the obscene Fescinnina.—This is a very slight abstract of the points he touched upon in ancient history; his memoir shewed very deep research, without intending any idle display of superfluous learning.

He was equally profound and more diffuse in his examination of the modern history, noticing every important event, from the epoch when the Benedictine Aretinus presented to Pope John the 20th, the present system of notation, down to the animated warfare between the Piccinists and Gluckists, which convulsed the Parisian public; and according to him, laid the foundation for those sanguinary disasters, that accompanied the overthrow of the French monarchy—of course as he came to this era, his facts were more numerous and his deductions made with greater care. He shewed, that after the ancient French music was overthrown by the united attacks of the Italians and Germans, and the contest was between Gluck and Piccini, and not between these two and the severe followers of Rameau, how every kind of frivolity and corruption too surely presaged the dreadful disorders that ensued. He thought the

Italians like the ancient Ionians, the most dangerous from the seduction of their soft and voluptuous music, and even Gluck he held to be infinitely below the austerity of the ancient French or Grecian schools. "Take" said he, "the celebrated invocation in the opera of Armida, *ven ez esprits d'enfer*, the most vaunted effort of Gluck, and compare it with a theurgic chorus of Lasus, and how contemptible it will appear! (By the way I thought, at the time, he would have been puzzled to give the air of the latter.) He proved as the great philosophers of Greece had done before him, in the case of their country, that when their music became corrupt, dancing soon felt its influence, and the degradation of both, brought on inevitably the decay of morals." He interrupted his reading here for a moment to say;—"you know gentlemen, my political principles, that I have always been ready to lay down my life for them and that they have caused my long expatriation. It is natural that I should wish to return to France, Louis 18th is at length restored to the throne of his ancestors, but all the appearances of tranquillity will be delusive, unless there is a radical reformation; and never will I return to my country, until the jacobin fashion of pantaloons is laid aside, and the aristocratic mode of breeches is resumed; until the pestilent, whirling waltz, which has turned every one's head, and the huddled, confused country dances,* are proscribed, to give way for the resumption of the solemn, dignified minuet; until the Italian music is banished and the ancient

* French country dances are what we call cotillions.

French is restored—because till these changes are effected, I am convinced there can be no permanent security, and I should only have the grief of seeing that dear France exposed to new calamities.

This is a very imperfect reminiscence of his theory, as regarded Europe, in which I felt less interested than in what related to my own country. He allowed me afterwards to take a copy of that part of the memoir, which went to prove that the American revolution was owing to the state of our music. This is among my papers, and must be reserved for a future occasion. In the mean time I may be permitted to observe, that though the idea seemed at first wholly preposterous, my opinion was much changed on reading his memoir. I was not indeed fully convinced by it, and there still appeared to be a good deal of fancy in his system. He had been evidently a most accurate observer of facts, and was very sagacious in the results he drew from them. I can do no more now, than state two or three examples of the former. He said that the American revolution, originated, was nourished, and chiefly effected, by the people in New England. That these people were, previous to that revolution, almost wholly without instruments of music, except the drum and fife. That every village had its singing master, and among these men, were to be found some of the most peculiar and marked characters in the country. That their style of singing was borrowed from the frogs, whose strength and modulation of voice were much greater in America than in Europe; the resemblance being so strong, that if an auditor

placed himself about equidistant between a pool tenanted by these creatures, and a singing school, he would find it impossible to tell the difference of the sounds. That the character of their sacred, which was almost their only, music, inspired a self-controul, an energy, a foresight, that had the most powerful influence on their conduct. The people he observed, though heretics, were yet very devout, and he had often heard them with astonishment when singing their hymns; an elder read a line, the whole congregation sang it, they then stopped in the midst of the tune, and of the sense, till he read another, which process was continued throughout.—What must not a people be equal to, he asked, who were capable of such self command and suspension of feeling as this practice required? A further proof he said might be found in the change that had taken place since the custom was dropped, as he understood it had been, the present generation had greatly fallen off from the virtues of their ancestors. He had made a critical examination, and many curious comments on that celebrated anthem, now very scarce, which begun—"By the river of Watertown I sat down, and wept for the sins of Boston." But this paper which was only intended as an introduction to his theory, is grown to a great length; and justice cannot be done to the author, without giving his system entire,—this must be postponed to some future opportunity.

A VISION.

Non vi maravigliate; ma credete. *Dante.*

Towards the close of summer in the year —— oppressed with the closeness of a sultry day, I sauntered out into the fields to seek for greater freshness in the open air, taking with me Milton's Paradise Lost. A short walk through some woodland led to an eminence whose summit rising above the surrounding territory, gave an opportunity to any current of air for which I was panting, to reach me unimpeded. The declining sun was still some hours above the horizon, and I found at the base of a huge moss-covered rock of granite, a shelter from its rays. A spreading and majestic walnut cast its broad shadows on the parched ground along side, and gave to the eye at least some refreshment.

The scene around was pleasing, though possessed of no very striking feature. The spot on which I reclined, was in a rough, wild pasture on a range of hills, that formed the western side of an irregular

valley of moderate extent. Immediately below me, a copse of young wood sloped down to the edge of a small brook, rippling through a meadow, bounded by a field of ripening corn. The hills were rocky and barren, except where covered with forests. At two different points they sloped away, so as to give an opening for the highways, through this secluded region. The surface of the valley was interspersed with pastures, cultivated fields, meadows and orchards, with several farm-houses and large barns, a cluster of which, at some distance, formed a hamlet. As the eye followed the opening through the hills, these variegated farms were terminated by a plain and wide expanse of meadows, lying on the edge of the sea, whose distant wave almost blending its tints with the sky, might render it doubtful to the sight, which element supported the white sails diminished to the size of a bird, that were skimming along the horizon.

After gazing a while on this quiet scene, and indulging in a little vague reverie which the sight of the ocean seldom fails to awaken; I opened that immortal poem where Hell and Paradise are described with unequalled beauty and sublimity; and the actors in the scenes shadowed out with a grandeur and distinctness, that places them in the regions of imagination, at a distance hitherto unattained by any other human intellect, excepting only him, who "exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

I had nearly concluded the second book, when a rustling sound which had caught my ear for a moment or two, seemed encroaching, and increasing in vio-

lence. I looked up and beheld the distant landscape obscured with rolling dust and vapours. A sudden tornado had arisen, which was advancing on the wings of the whirlwind up the valley. The dense blackness of the clouds, the violence, the noise and rapidity of its approach, were appalling. To regain the house was impossible, I drew closer to the rock for shelter, all the objects of the landscape were rapidly hidden from my sight, and the blast reached me so instantaneously, that it seemed to come at one furious bound from a long distance. Confused with its roaring, half suffocated with the dust and leaves, I was torn from my seat and rolled over on the ground.

A moment after I found myself hurled aloft in the eddying whirls of the hurricane, and carried with such dreadful velocity, that in a short space I thought I had ascended some scores of miles in altitude; the force of the wind still seemed to support me and I was dreading the moment when it would cease, and my downward course terminate in my being dashed to atoms. The current that had thus taken me up, seemed to have attained its utmost height and was beginning to fail, when it rose again for a moment with renewed elasticity, and gave me a toss as it where, leaving me to fall but a few feet, on what seemed a bed of vapour, so dense, that it could bear my weight.

Before I could fully recover my breath, or compose my senses to look about, a strange being stalked towards me who was neither a man, though erect in altitude, nor resembling any animal that I had ever before seen; and whose whole appearance was so

varying and bewildering, that I could not fix any idea of his size. He grasped hold of me and after several sounds or words that were incomprehensible, exclaimed—"Why what art thou that casts a shade ?* and how comest thou hither ?" he continued with a malicious grin and laugh. Overcome with amazement and horror, these questions by fixing my attention, afforded me some relief and I replied with a degree of firmness that grew out of desperation—"Who thou art thus questioning me I know not, or what there is in my case that amuses you—I came hither on a whirlwind—but in the name of Heaven, where am I and who art thou."—"I will inform thee, unlucky inhabitant of the earth, but beware how thou adjurest me by the name of heaven or any of its inhabitants, for I will instantly abandon thee, beware of that, and I will protect thee from harm till thy lot is decided by the monarch I serve.—These are the dominions of Hell's most potent Chief, the realms of *the Prince of the Power of the Air*, I am his subject, and have come to this remote point on a tour of observation. Come with me, I am bound to

* Come color dinanzi vider rotta
La luce in terra dal mio destro canto,
Sicchè l'ombr'era da me alla grotta,
Restaro, e trasser sè indietro alquanto;
E tutti gli altri che venieno appresso,
Non sapiendo 'l perchè, pro altretanto.
Sanza vostra dimanda i' vi confesso
Che queste è corpo uman, che voi vedete;
Perchè 'l lume del sole in terra è fesso,
Non vi maravigliate; ma credete, &c.

Purgatorio Canto, 3. v. 22.

his Court; and if thine eyes can bear the vision, thou shall behold far other sights than thou hast ever yet beheld, than any being ever can behold, through whom the light does not pass as unimpeded, as through the air, but thy gross corporeal frame casts a shadow from the light; the first that ever fell on these regions except from the eclipse of the planets."

Thus saying he led or bore me onwards. I felt his grasp, but when I attempted to take hold of him, my hand closed as if it pressed nothing but the air. He told me I should arrive at the right moment to hear the reports of the spirits, which had been sent to the globe I came from; and that I should have an opportunity to learn how the devil got into this world, and hear the results of his agency.

We moved with prodigious velocity, yet without apparent effort. It was neither sailing, nor running, nor flying, but resembling in a degree that amusement, where placed on some vehicle we glide with rapidity down an inclined plane. Our motion was the same, whether the course was upwards, downwards or horizontal, and the inequalities of the route partook of all these varieties, I could form no clear idea of the region we traversed; every thing was vast and vapoury. The medium was sometimes obscure, at others so pellucid and tannsparent that it was even a mockery of air. At some moments the prospect before us was suddenly closed with seemingly impenetrable masses of huge, precipitous hills, through which we passed with as little opposition as fishes glide through their element; at the

next moment the perspective was vast, illimitable. We were occasionally involved in utter darkness, and anon we moved through every hue and shifting tone of light, but what seemed most frequent in this strange region was a kind of intense moonlight—Whether the objects we saw were the spirits of material things, or clouds assuming various shapes, I knew not. In looking at the sky from this earth,

> Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
> A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
> A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A forked mountain or blue promontory,
> With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
> And mock our eyes with air.

Yet here they exceeded the wildest delineations of fancy.

I observed in our course, that these realms contained no spectres of animated beings, but only the resemblances of material things remarkable for their deformity, for their noxious qualities, or from being associated with bad deeds which were transferred here as a place of punishment. Those waste, dilapidated grounds near our cities, converted from valuable pasture lands, into unsaleable prospective house lots, were here arrayed. In one direction I beheld the fens of New-Jersey, with their myriads of musquitoes, in others some of the swamps of Carolina and Georgia, rank with pestilence and plenty. On my left I passed the apparition of those desolate fields near Salem with the gibbets on which the wretched witches were executed; next to these were the shades of Wyoming, where the innocent

Moravians were cruelly massacred; on the opposite side I saw the prison and the street in Baltimore where an execrable mob murdered the defenceless. My guide informed me that the actors in these and other crimes committed on earth, were held elsewhere in punishment. That the semblances of inanimate objects only were transferred here; and that the Prince and those of his subjects in these regions, were solely occupied in devising mischief and the ruin of mankind.

My guide announced to me, that we were approaching the place where the monarch held his Court; when I observed for many miles of our passage scattered in every direction the apparition of all the public buildings that were erected in violation of the rules of architecture, edifices from all parts of the world, and among them were almost all of those in the United States. The spectres of these were here placed in penance, all their defects aggravated by the glare of false lights and harsh unseemly contrasts.

Every feeling of curiosity, anxiety and wonder was painfully increased, as we came nearer to our destination. The objects were more numerous, motion was accelerated, and the universal bustle was like the anxious, hurried preparation for a conflict. At the same time the obscurity became greater, produced by darkness at one moment, by shifting, gloomy kinds of light, and by fleeting mists followed in jarring contradiction, with vollies of suffocating dust. The traveller who has seen this earth only, can form an imperfect idea of the scene, if he recol-

lects the confusion of his feelings, when entering, for the first time, the suburbs of the great mart of the world towards nightfall, he found himself in the midst of hundreds of vehicles, rapidly passing in various directions, of crowds of men and animals, the smoke of innumerable fires, the din of a vast population; and then recalls the loneliness which chilled his heart while carried along through tens of thousands of human beings, to whom he was totally unknown. I found passing by me chariots half hidden in vapour, whose wheels moved like the rapidity of machinery, where the eye perceives the whirling of a circle, rather than the circle itself. Other messengers appeared to be flying, and I heard the fluttering and rustling of their motion, and sometimes was brushed by a dank wing, in texture like a bat's. All these my conductor told me were couriers and emissaries going and returning from every country of the earth, from the North and the South, the East and the West; all were hieing to make reports to their sovereign, who remained in perpetual council with his legionaries. The session was eternal and the various devices to extend his power forever renewing, and forever adapting themselves to all the changing circumstances of human society. But, see, said my guide, before you is the palace of the monarch!

I looked, but can give no idea of the edifice, if the term can be so applied. We were still several miles from it, and I thought we were only a few hundred yards off. Amazement so overpowered me, that I have only retained the impression of its vastness and even that, is vague and indefinite. To

compare it, in point of size, with any human structures would be absurd, the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, or the Church of St. Peter's, were in comparison, like the diminutive wren-boxes elevated on poles for tiny birds in our gardens. The walls were like the gigantic strata of the Andes, surmounted with domes and turrets, but what were the materials even in semblance, I could not decide. They rose before me, as the summit of Teneriffe appears towering over the blue expanse of the Atlantic to the far distant mariner; yet they seemed less dense and hard in their outline than mountains, but rather like the volume and vapourish nature of clouds. Their awful magnificence was rendered more imposing, by a sudden flashing illumination, that threw over them a flitting, transitory glare giving an imperfect glimpse of their design; as those lambent lightnings gleaning vividly for a moment in a dark summer's sky discover a thousand forms, and broken masses of clouds, that at other times appear a black continuous surface.

How can I describe the objects, or the dimensions of them, that met my sight on reaching the interior! My eye was dizzied, and I shrunk back with amazement, at the height and space of the vast arches, that formed the ceiling of the huge basilick, into which I was carried by my demon guide. The dome which Michael Angelo suspended in the air was more diminutive in comparison to these, than would be the ceiling of the most diminutive cupola, compared with the grandeur of St. Peters. The columns had the size of towers, and

rose beyond the first reach of my aching sight. At one extremity was the throne of the monarch, about which were coiled two vast serpents, that circled it with horrid motion in opposite directions, the glitter and rustling of whose gigantic folds were equally dreadful to the sight and hearing. Before the throne, in a half circle, were his chief counsellors and secretaries, and from these, in diverging lines, sat long rows of his subjects, like, so far as great things can be like small ones, ranges of Sphynxes that form the avenues to the most magnificent temple, of Egyptian Thebes. As they were placed in the long vistas, each one gradually increased in size, as the perspective advanced, so that the most distant was as large and distinct as those nearest the throne. Four of these ranges, were mounted on Griffins, of proportionate size. As these lines diverged in the distance, there were groups between them of various kinds, which contained endless thousands of assembled subjects.

Each of these excited fear in the beholder, what then shall I call the overwhelming dismay, when the eye was turned towards the sovereign. I besought my guide to screen me, as I shrunk behind him. He replied only by a disdainful grimace, at my requesting such an impossibility. The prince was on a throne, which resembled in its magnificence of form and colour, and exhibition of varying hues, the most gorgeous collection of clouds, that are ever piled in a western sky, on a summer's eve. His form and dimensions were suited to his dwelling, but of these I could gain no definite idea: he rose

and shrunk, as a marine object will rise and subside in the peculiar atmosphere, that creates the fanciful distortions of looming. At one time he would be nearly of the size of those around him, at others, his figure would rise in altitude till it towered in all the loftiness of the vaulted ceilings above us. I caught one glance only at his countenance, and dared not look again; no words can describe what confounded all the senses and the imagination. As the form was colossal, so the beauty had been once divine; even now he was not less than "archangel ruined:" but the proudest of Hell's monarchs had been scathed by the lightnings of heaven, and where the most radiant grace, and ineffable comeliness once dwelt in celestial emanation, the passions of the demon were glaring with all their immortal malignity.

The attention of the sovereign was unrelenting, the coming in and departure of emissaries incessant. They gave an account of their missions, into all parts of the earth, and among all the various classes of mankind. Some of these missions related to whole communities, others to individuals only; and though the reports were innumerable, they occupied but a moment in the delivery; yet I found afterwards what seemed instantaneous, took me a long time to go over in the narration. I could recollect but a small part of what I heard, among which I select a few as specimens. The ingenuity or the magnitude of the mischief that had been effected drew forth corresponding plaudits, and sometimes the vaults of their aerial palace waved with the vibrating shouts of the infernal conclave.

[Here followed several narratives, of the demons who had entered into sovereigns, statesmen, women, lawyers, physicians, divines, &c. &c. and describing the results of their agency, but they are too long for insertion.]

These accounts of mischief produced, and the devising of future plans for the ruin of mankind, were subject to strange embarrassments and accidents, that made the authors of confusion themselves worse confounded; yet they interrupted only for an instant their eternal continuance in plotting evil. At one moment the interior of this edifice was filled with a wind, so piercing, so intensely cold, that as it passed over the groups and ranges of this prodigious conclave, it stiffened them at once into immoveability, and they remained fixed in whatever posture they chanced to be in. They would be released from this durance, by a blast more hot and suffocating, than the deadliest Simoom of the desert. The ear too was tortured, and my mind appalled by the most harsh and dreadful sounds; sometimes it was a groan, seeming to come from assembled millions of sufferers, that began in a low murmur, increasing in agony and loudness, and finally bursting into a shriek that convulsed the nerves and rent the brain. At other times, a vehement, grating, malicious, sardonic laugh, from an invisible, and innumerable chorus, would break out on a sudden, creating a horror that sickened the heart. At one period the baseless fabric, crumbled and sunk, the whole assembled legions were whirled downwards into a vortex, thousands of fathoms deep, and then hurled

back again, as from the bowels of the earth, stones, fire and water, are ejected above the summit of a volcano. Every one however resumed his place, and even these dreadful interruptions caused no cessation of the everlasting perpetration of evil.

It was after one of these tremendous concussions, followed by our being precipitated with accelerated violence, into the bottomless abyss, that I thought myself abandoned by my guide, and falling to the earth, with a panick apprehension of being dashed to pieces, exactly similar to the feeling that startles us, when we dream of falling. When the shock was over, I soon realized, that I was safely on the earth; the objects around shewed that I had alighted on the precise spot I had left, but I felt for sometime in a painful state of confusion. I found my book by my side, and a branch of the walnut tree, torn off by the wind, laying near me. I had a slight contusion on my temple, that gave me some pain, and I returned home absorbed in meditation and doubt. When a relation of these circumstances was afterwards made to my friends, they said that the falling branch, must have struck my head, and stunned me: that the functions of the brain, had been left, as they are in sleep, that I had been thrown into a kind of trance, in which the excitement of what I had been reading had led to this train of visionary extravagance. I did not care to dispute with them, as to the correctness of their opinion, of what had befallen me; but the impressions were too vividly, and deeply engraved on my mind to satisfy me, that their explanation was well founded.

A BALLAD.

Lucus a non lucendo.

One bright and genial morning towards the close of the last spring, I strolled forth on a desultory walk. It was one of the few fine days with which we are favoured in this season, that is here so capricious. A fine sky, a caressing breeze from the southwest, and a plastic temperature, produced a half voluptuous feeling of enjoyment, making existence in the abstract, a source of delight. I found myself beyond the limits of the pavement, without any particular object, when it occurred to me, that only a few miles would be added to the walk, by visiting the spot where I had passed my infancy; I determined at once on that direction, and allowed my mind to wander into reveries of recollection. It was the youth of the year and naturally associated with my thoughts. Nature wore a very bland aspect, the apple-buds of innumerable orchards were beginning to expand in full flower; though a chilling change might a few days afterwards cut them off, as the opening, confiding expectations of childhood are blasted in the subsequent frowns of a world,

whose smiles at a distance are so enticing, and so deceptive.

Thus occupied in musing on the past, I came to a lane that led in a sinuous course of half a mile to the dwelling, where I passed two years of blissful childhood, under the care of a fond, indulgent grandmother, the most kind hearted and benevolent of human beings. My only companion was a handsome spaniel, as playful and unrestrained as myself, and who never objected when we returned from our daily morning and afternoon's excursion of a summer's day, to my allegation, that the pickle I was in from our play in the brook together, which rendered a fresh frock necessary, was all owing to Yorick, who shared my meals, as he did my sports. Through this lane I had often galloped on a willow stick for a horse, and in my childish fancy believed my own vaulting, was the restive prancing of the wooden Pegasus I bestrode.

I sought for all the objects that had left an impression on my memory, yet few remained as they once were. The projecting angles of dark grey, tottering stone walls, that my imagination while hurrying home in the receding twilight, had often converted into fearful, portentous shapes, were all replaced by straight, neat, whitewashed fences; and here and there an upstart poplar stood in the place of some venerable apple, or umbrageous forest tree. Each side of the road was now dotted with modern country houses and trim gardens, where had formerly been wild pastures or irregular orchards. This marked a state of flourishing increase, which more than compensated for the wild but pleasing scenery it displac-

ed; yet it brought to my mind a wish I have often felt, that our village reformers in improving their roads, could be convinced, that for the sake of shortening a few yards of the highway, it is not worth while to cut down a venerable elm, or oak, that was growing before they could tell where their ancestors existed; and that to plant poplars in their place, is like ousting a venerable patriot from the service of his country, to put in his stead a modern dandy.

The reader must here recollect that I am not telling a regular story, but only following the deviations of my thoughts as they occurred in the progress of an idle walk; and if he grows tired of it sooner than I did, he has the advantage of me, and can break off without going over all the ground I traversed. I must protest too against conjuring up an idea of my age being very advanced, from all these changes having occurred. I have my reasons which I will not enumerate, for not wishing to be considered too old, and candid minds will recollect how very rapid all these alterations have been in this vicinity. Since I have alluded to the subject, I must say with the French lady who answered that singularly impertinent question in the forms of French judicial proceeding, "what is your age ?"—that, "I am of no particular age." Chronology is a very tedious, unsatisfactory science, and I have often wondered that the great Newton should have prostrated his sublime faculties to writing a laborious work on dates, with as much ardour as a malicious spinster, or a waning bachelor, investigate the eras of all their acquaintances: it is a vexatious, unprofitable study,

and often annoys inoffensive people, who wish to escape observation.

To return, I had advanced through more than half the length of the lane, where nothing on either side remained as it was, when I came to a spot, where I could exclaim as Adam did, on his visit to Spain; "Ah, every thing here, is just as I left it." The road bent in an easy curve, between a meadow, and a gentle elevation, almost as round as an inverted bowl. A small brook crossed the way, whose diminutive stream at this season indicated, that it might be passed dry-shod before the autumnal equinox. On the top of the hillock a house whose clapboards had never been disguised with paint, and in some spots had left the boards beneath without a covering, exhibited as many marks of *auld lang syne* as the perishable nature of wooden buildings will permit. The fence which inclosed its territory was composed in various proportions of mossy stones, weather beaten rails and berberry bushes, furnishing more studies of the picturesque to a painter, than could be collected from all the spruce palings of a county. A small dell lay at the edge of the mound, on which the house stood, and to which it corresponded so nearly, that if inverted into it, the space would be filled and the whole spot nearly levelled. A pool of water, fringed in part with quince trees, stood in the bottom, and which must shrink entirely away in a dry summer. Its surface was now almost grown over with various aquatic plants, and one or two rails that the children had thrown in to get at these, were covered with small, golden-spotted tortoises, basking in the sun in rows, as idly as so many Spaniards under

a wall. From this rustic dwelling, partial views of the town, its harbour and islands could be seen, as from most of the rising grounds, that are strewed throughout the vicinity of Boston.

I had been leaning for some time on a rail looking at these little terrapins, who were eyeing me in turn, ready to slip into the water on the first suspicious movement I should make, till I was in a torpid kind of reverie, not very far removed from their own state of existence. Some lively voices behind me, turned my attention to a woman and a small boy, who were visiting a trap cage for birds under an old apple tree in the field opposite. I moved towards them as they crossed the road to return to the house, and accosted her, when the following dialogue took place between us. "What luck do you have ma'am in catching birds?—Do you want to get a bird, sir? —O no I have no place to keep it, and I hate to see them shut up in cages.—O sir, they dont mind it a bit, they are used to it.—There seem to be a number of new houses in this neighbourhood?—O yes, some very grand and some droll shaped ones. I guess you're a stranger like in these parts, do you want to find any body's house? No ma'am, I am only walking for amusement—but I am not such a stranger as you think, I know every old tree and old fence about us, I lived a number of years near here. —Well you don't look like it, I wonder when it was? —A long time ago.—Did you know many of the folks hereabout, did you ever see me before? Formerly I knew every body, and I may have seen you when a child, I have been in that house sometimes. Why that's my house, and I should like to have you

come in again if you've a mind, I wish I knew your name." That wish was gratified immediately, and I proceeded willingly up to the house, suspecting that I had hit upon a person who was what the mineralogists would call a good specimen, strongly characterized. She proved to be inquisitive, open hearted, impertinent, good natured, very curious respecting all the particulars that came in her way, and very reckless about the world at large, and all generalities.

After entering a room with a wainscot embrowned by time, and walls somewhat darkened by smoke, and whose floor was rendered rather uneven by the settling of the beams, but looked as clean as frequent scouring could make it; I seated myself comfortably in a straw bottomed chair, which my hostess offered. To get the start of questions, that I saw were filling her mouth, and to give her an idea of my knowledge of the place, concerning which she had shewn a little incredulity; I began by asking her after a family, that was one of renown in the early history of this country, and that bore an old English name, coeval with the times of Cedric and Gurth, and Rowena; and which had recently become extinct, in an old maid and old bachelor, brother and sister, who in humbled circumstances discovered a strong raciness of their origin, lived humourists and died philosophers. I inquired if she had "ever known old Mr. and Mrs. —— ?"—"Did you know *them?*"—"That was my question, but no matter, I did know them very well."—"Why how come you to know them, well I guess you were acquainted hereabouts, but do for mercy's sake tell me how you knew the old folks, and they've been

dead so long."—"I knew it would be a mercy to her to satisfy her curiosity, and therefore told how the acquaintance arose. I explained to her that I used to gallop over on my willow horse, to the cottage of the old people, and after busying myself some time in putting the heap of fuel tan standing near their door in various shapes, that my visit finished by their giving me some delicious brown bread and butter, of which I had not forgotten the taste.

This little historical trait served a very good purpose: she at once asked, "why do you like brown bread?"—I paid her in her own coin, by replying "Do you think I don't?"—"Lord love you, you shall have some as good bread and sweet butter as ever old Mrs. —— gave you."—She immediately set about it; a small pine table, almost as white and quite as clean as new fallen snow, was placed before me, and a loaf of black bread, that would have excited rather envy than pity for the Spartans if theirs had been the same, a slice of butter that might almost vie with that of Prevalet,* and a black glazed pitcher of earthen ware filled with the coldest and purest water that bubbled up beneath a moss grown rock, a few yards from the dwelling, furnished very inviting fare.

* As the inhabitants of Boston, owing to the choice of "their country brethren," eat more bad butter than any other population of the same extent in the world, it may be of some use to know where is the other extreme. The butter in France is always excellent, and that of Prevalet is particularly celebrated for its exquisite flavour.

My entertainer had been called away two or three minutes, when a female entered the room not knowing a stranger was there, in whose whole appearance though not without dignity, there was so much plainness, as to discourage attention at first; yet it grew keener every moment she was examined. She was verging towards the middle age and clothed in mourning, that seemed not the dress of fashion, but the very hue of her soul. Her face without any very striking feature, indicated an ardent, generous character, subdued into a superficial calmness, where anguish and apprehension lay covered as it were, but not concealed, by the thin veil of her fair transparent complexion. On her entering I addressed her with courtesy and respect, and tried by expressing a regret at my intrusion to prevent her obvious intention of retiring. I do not know how it would have ended, if the bird-catching, question-asking mistress of the house had not at that moment come back, and saying,—" O ma'am, I am glad you have come in, do stay, and sit down, and talk a little, it will raise your spirits ; I was just giving this gentleman some bread and butter, for the sake of old times, and we have been talking about things that happened long ago, and people that were old when he was a child." She sat down, and I fancied that it was the idea of talking of the past that induced her to remain, like a person to whom the present is painful and the future hopeless, and whose only solace is in the melancholy of retrospect. Inquiring of Miss Margaret " have you seen my work," she received the answer of inveterate habit, " do you want it ?" —There it is in the corner, " I will get it myself."

She had just seated herself, and taken her needle, when our party received an accession, by a person who seemed to be a familiar guest, having first asked kindly of the mourner after her health, he then addressed the other female—"Aunt Meggy, I must have a cut at your bread and butter."—"Yes, I guessed you'd finish it, as soon as I saw you—but let me ask you one question first; where have you been, where do you come from, and where are you going?—Though these questions were asked with considerable fluency, he had in the mean time prepared a thick slice of bread with a suitable covering, then proceeded to dispatch a mouthful and a question alternately.—"Begging your pardon, Aunty, you have slipped three questions into one, but I'll answer them all—I have been to Boston—I come now from home—I am going to Milton." "Going to Milton! come do tell what you are going to Milton for?"—"I am going to see the river, I hear there is a great change in it." "Change! what sort of change?" "Why it is much wetter than it was." "Wetter! how can that be?" "Owing to the late rains I suppose, they said it was quite dry last week, but it has much changed since the last rain, which I guess must have moistened it." "Ah this is your college wit, mighty fine no doubt." "O no nothing more than a very slight *lusus verborum* as we used to say at Cambridge. But my Aunt Inquisitive, if your bread was not so good, I should say that you were very ungrateful to abuse me, when I do every thing I can to satisfy your curiosity, but you will choke me with so many questions." "Did ever one hear the like? have I asked any questions? I am afraid you'll choke

yourself with such great lumps of bread that you cram into your mouth." While this person who had offered me a slight salute on entering, was undergoing these interrogatories and demolishing what my appetite had spared, I had taken a cursory survey of his person. This was rather short and thick set, or what our farmers call *stocky*, with legs whose shape had that substantial outline, which some physiologists have said, indicated both stubbornness of character, and the want of imagination. He had on a drab coloured hat covering a head of red hair, and his complexion was of a shade between the two, so that had it not been for a pair of sharp grey eyes, and a little heightening of the colour about the nose, chin and ears, like the blush on a russetine apple, it would have been difficult to have selected the face, at a short distance, among the mass which rose above his shoulders.

The loaf and its accompaniment had nearly vanished under the energies, of the pseudo-nephew, when a little girl, about seven years old, with a lively and interesting countenance, came running up from the brook below, and holding in her hand a miniature mimic vessel, made from a shingle, a few rags, and bits of ribbons. The lady was sitting in a position, turned from the door, so that she did not perceive the child, before she had sprang up to her, and in a breathless tone, of infantile extasy exclaimed; "Look dear Mama, what a beautiful ship, a boy has given me."—She instantly seized and crushed, as it were instinctively, the rude toy, and giving the child a look of intense pity and tenderness, her countenance became too convulsed for

utterance, and in a hurried manner, she led her out of the room.

"Dear, unhappy creature!" exclaimed one, "unfortunate woman!" said the other of my companions. Not knowing what to think of this unexpected scene, which passed so suddenly, I was in a sort of painful wonder, when the person with the drab coloured hat, after a slight hesitation, addressed me by name, and telling me his own, I soon made out that we were contemporaries, during a part of our college life. There was a kind of mutual feeling, to avoid for a moment, an explanation of the circumstance, that had just taken place, and he began by giving a brief account of himself, aided occasionally by a hint, in the form of question, from his nominal aunt. By this it appeared, that after trying two or three different schemes, without much success, he had made use of what he had acquired, to teach others; that in short, he had been a pedagogue, for a few years, and having at the same time employed his surplus gains, with success, in some trading transactions, he had recently retired to a dignified idleness, on a splendid independence of six hundred dollars a year.

After he had given an account of himself, which I have here abbreviated, I turned the conversation to the lady, who had just left the room, in such strong emotion, and asked for some explanation. Aunt Margaret listened in a kind of sympathy, that shewed good feelings, yet at the same time, a cautious attention, though she knew the story well, but with the chance of picking up some new details.

He first brought to my recollection, an old college acquaintance, who was a brother of this lady, and one of the objects she lamented; and without pretending to give his words precisely, the following were the outlines of his narration.

Mrs. A— belongs to a populous town, in the County of Essex, and has been in a remarkable degree, the victim of modern buccaneering, regular and irregular. Her father in the outset of life, had been engaged in a considerable commerce, with one of the ports of Spain; and in the prosecution of his affairs, went to visit his correspondents. With a high confidence in his abilities and integrity, they made him proposals, to enter into some extensive transactions, that would render necessary a long residence in South America. He engaged in it, came home and transported his family to his new residence. Here he passed several years, in a prosperous course. He had two children, a son and daughter, the latter, of whom we are now speaking, born in this country, the other in South America. As these children, grew up, a solicitude for their health, and for an education, which he could not give them where he was, led him to send them over to their friends here, hoping to follow them in a year or two. But to the accumulating colonist, to the unhappy exile, who is seeking fortune in a foreign land, only to return with its fruits to enjoy his own, to-morrow emphatically, never comes! He lingers on, thwarted by disappointments, or lured by avarice, till death overtakes him, and his ashes mingle with a foreign soil; or if he does return, 'tis with emaciated health, and broken recollections; the friends of his youth taken

away, and the scenes of early enjoyment altered and gone. After some years of protracted anxiety, the parents saw the joyful moment arrive, when they could embark on their return, and soon hope to embrace those dear children, of whose characters and progress they had received the most flattering relations. The honourable gains of many years of exile were converted into specie, and taken with them on board the Spanish Frigates which sailed for Europe in the year 1805. Spain was at peace with all the world, and a large number of passengers, with the long savings of many a tedious year of absence, were anticipating in each day's progress o'er the wave, that they were approaching nearer to the country, and the friends of their youth. Vain expectation!—These frigates conveyed an immense treasure, the enemy sailing from port, under the mask of peace, were hovering in their path. Unprepared and unsuspicious on one side, a conflict ensued. That the amount of prize money, might be greater to some favourite officers, a force was sent, only sufficient to make sure of the capture, but not so large as to prevent a contest, by its superiority. In the battle some of these innocent passengers fell among the other victims, and lost both life and property. Among them was the father of this lady; her mother died, soon after reaching the shore, of fright, of grief, of a broken heart,—and her children were left doubly orphans. This action sounded highly in the Gazette, the droits of Admiralty, swelled for a time to all the insatiable wants of profligacy, the captors counted over the amount of their prize money, and sordid

politicians chuckled, at a preventive triumph over Buonaparte.

The loss of a father and mother, whom she had been looking forward to embrace with ardour, for so many years, sunk deeply and corrodingly, into the delicate frame of their daughter. Her brother after leaving the University, entered into commerce, and after marrying a lovely woman, resolved to go to the same province, his unfortunate parents had lived in, to recover some property they had left, and carry on the same kind of commerce, which his fathers friends urged him to undertake. His sister parted from him with gloomy, tremulous forebodings. This little girl, whom I had seen, was his only child. She had been sent two or three years since to the care of this lady, her parents intending to return in a year or two. They embarked with his valuable property in a foreign vessel, and nothing more was ever heard of them. This unfortunate ship fell in with one of our "patriot" privateers, who pillaged and destroyed the vessel, and murdered the passengers and crew, that no tales might be told. It is said that some of the connections of these "patriots" have been seen decorated with jewels that belonged to the wretched lady, and the property plundered has served to enlarge the career of profligacy and crime. This little orphan, has been taught by her aunt to call her mother, and she clings to her, as the last relic of her wretched family. Her friends advised her to seek for a time a retreat in this cottage, to change the scene, the owner of which was long known to the family. When this poor child came running into

her, with that mimic ship, this fatal object in her hands, too young to know the horrors, that had destroyed two generations of her family, gave her that convulsive movement of anguish, which produced the effect you witnessed.

Soon after the conclusion of this brief narrative of accumulated misfortune, which was accompanied with occasional comments and tears of the good-hearted hostess, the lady herself, having recovered a degree of composure, and sent the child to play, re-entered the room. I began immediately to speak of her brother, for whom I had felt a great esteem at College, and though the mention of him again produced a violent emotion, I continued without seeming to observe it, to speak of him, that she might struggle to overcome it, and join in the conversation. She gradually acquired firmness enough to do so; and after a while this accidental meeting with a stranger who had known one so dear to her, seemed to afford a melancholy pleasure, and to produce a soothing effect. The settled, incurable grief, which was evidently fixed in this interesting woman, made me prolong an interview, that chance had brought about, in the hope that a conversation which seemed no longer irksome, might give a momentary diversion from her sorrows. I began to speak of some of the superstitious tales that may still be heard occasionally in Essex, where they once were so numerous and had so many believers; but which modern incredulity and ridicule have so successfully combated, that the few who yet cherish them are very shy of talking on the subject. She deplored the infatuation, which in the early ages of

the Colony had propagated the belief of witchcraft, and led to the death of some poor wretches; but the only excuse was, that the same unhappy contagious spirit prevailed in other places and in other countries, during the same and even at a later period. Among the stories that were alluded to, was the legend of the *Screeching Lady of Marblehead*, which I found she did not wholly disbelieve; at least she thought it strange, that so many persons should have heard those dreadful sounds, at different times and remote periods. She told me she had a collection of three or four stories of this kind, and this was among them, and if I wished it, she would give it to me. Assuring her it would be a gratification to me, she went to her room to get it.

I took advantage of the moment to speak with the mistress of the cottage, in behalf of this afflicted lady. "Poor, dear creature," said she, "I would do any thing for her, she is so kind, and so heart-broken; but I don't know what to do, she never asks any questions, and it does'nt seem natural somehow not to ask questions."—"Yes, but you ask questions enough for both."—"Perhaps I do, but I love to give and take, I like to ask and be asked."—"Well, she is so unhappy, you must excuse it."—"O that I will, and it's more for her sake than mine, that I want her to talk and inquire about things, it would divert her mind."—Preparing to depart, I offered some remuneration for my collation, but it was positively refused. The lady returned and handed me the manuscript, I asked leave to repeat my visit, and wished her a good day.

I turned my steps homewards, the rose-coloured tinge which had covered the recollections of infancy, at the first part of my walk, were now changed, and a sombre hue given to my thoughts by a contemplation of the sad calamities of life. The following copy of verses, contains the particular legend before mentioned; and if this long introduction to them is like the thick, double coverings that envelope our favourite hiccory-nuts, I hope the lines may prove as sweet as the kernel, which is thus carefully protected.

Postscript. The motto prefixed to this narrative was adopted as appropriate, after being disappointed in not receiving the ballad from a hand from which I had hoped for it, and feeling unwilling to attempt supplying the deficiency myself. The substance of the legend is here subjoined, not in the words of the manuscript received from the lady; but more nearly to an abbreviation of it, as given by a distinguished individual in a conversation which occurred in a small party, on the subject of the superstitious stories that are told in the County of Essex; and which are almost as numerous, as those of the Highlands of Scotland, that have furnished so many materials for poetry and romance, to the writers of that country. As our legends of superstitious times are now fast falling into oblivion, it would be an amusing and perhaps a useful task, for some person in that County to collect and embody them, either in prose or poetry. The mere marvellous part of such tales is idle enough; but they always have some illustrative

connexion with history, or manners of the people, and give a forcible interest to local associations.

— It was during the period when the Buccaneers of the 17th century, were ravaging the commerce of Spain, that a vessel of that nation was captured by them and brought into the port of Marblehead, which then contained only some scattered cottages of a few fishermen. To secure more effectually the plunder of their rich prize, they murdered the crew. There was on board the vessel an English lady, whom these ruffians carried into a narrow valley, or glen, back of the present town of Marblehead, and there barbarously murdered her. The few fishermen who inhabited the place were absent, and the women and children who remained, could do nothing to prevent the crime. The screams of the wretched victim were loud and dreadful, and some of the exclamations, O mercy! mercy! Lord Jesus Christ save me! were distinctly heard. Her body was buried where the crime was perpetrated, and to this day these screams are occasionally repeated; sometimes every year, sometimes an interval of two or three years will intervene. When these screams have been heard, it is always in a sound so superhuman, and superlatively dreadful, that the horror is indescribable. A diligent search has been immediately made after their recurrence, but no trace of any person attempting to play off a deception, or any mode of accounting for these appalling noises could be discovered.—Such was the account of "*The Screeching Lady of Marblehead*," whose cries and whose story, will probably be forgotten by the next generation.

THE END.

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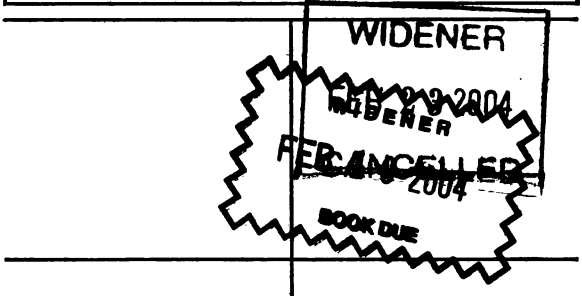

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